Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. *Philadelphia, May 13, 1837.* *Whole No. 824.*

The Vermilion Tower, Grenada.

anada is a celebrated city in the south of , and capital of the province of that name. situation is highly romantic. The town ex- to the approaching traveller the form of a noon, its streets rising above each other, a number of turrets and gilded cupolas, the e crowned by the Alhambra, or palace of ancient Moorish kings, and, in the back d, the Sierra de Nevada, covered with . But, on entering the gates, all this grun- disappears, the streets are found to be w and irregular; the buildings display marks of decay, and are inferior to of many other towns in Spain. Granada lt on two adjacent hills, and divided into rtaries. The river Darro flows between ro hills, and traverses the town, after it falls into the larger stream of the l which flows outside the walls. In point of extent, Granada is nearly as great as in the days of its prosperity. The cathedral is an irregular but splendid building; the archbishop's palace is also extensive and elegant; likewise the mansion occupied by the captain-general of the province. But the grand ornament of Granada is the Alhambra. Though now, like the town, in a state of decay its remains sufficiently show its original splendor. It commands a beautiful prospect; but a still finer is afforded by another Moorish palace, called the Vermilion Tower, built on an opposite hill. Granada has various manufactures, such as silk and woollen stuffs; it has also a tannery, and a manufactory of gunpowder and saltpetre. Granada is the seat of a university. Population, 66,600; 123 miles E. Seville; 224 S. Malaga; lon. 3° 46' E.; lat. 37° 16' N.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

gentle SLEEP; thou blessing sent from Heaven;
comforter, to soothe our sorrows given,
nymph serene; who calm'st the troubled breast,
proves the solace of both king and bind.
he, whom ocean sundered empires serve,
Who dwells beneath a castellated dome;
he, who of the plastic clay and tint,
Lodely constructs his humble cottage home.
tions—from the savage Tartar horde,
at which hows to Russia's despot lord,—
tions, thy o'ercoming presence own,
hold their homage at thy leaden throne.
alan slave, who fettered to the oar,
epening, toils throughout the weary day,
en night arrives, broods o'er his fate no more
ar yields his spirit to thy genial sway.
ra'ner, captive in a foreign land,
wanders, cheerless, on the ocean's strand,
ses wistful o'er the crag-bound main,
ch one glimpse of home, alas! how vain.
while he mourns upon his freedom lost,
ep'illous, he yields his wearied soul to thee,
sinks, within thy arms, to peaceful rest,
orgets his chains, and dreams of LIBERTY.
ave-tost mariner, upon the sea,
follows swell, and winds are raging free,
the dark night is 'lumed by lightnings flash,
ases 'gainst waves in awful conflicts dash.
ending with the elemental might,
hilst the mariner's shrink their chorus wild,
oy oblivion wings his senses quite,
d slumbers calmly as the pillowed child.
lish patriot, who, without a crime,
ished to Siberia's frigid clime,
g in Tobolsk's mines from day to day
ot one ray from *Hope's* brightening ray;—
even he, locked in the calm embrace
orgets his misery and his country's woes.
ne, principal agent, West
wen; William Spencer
Lambert, Mr.
& Davis, Norristown;
ston Michaer, Hamil-
ntgomery Square; D. P.
Hobson, White Marsh
Conly, Newtown; Jos-
yd, Bustwick & Conly,
mton Township; Lewis
Lafayette Ave
Coffroy, Lancaster J. F.
Washington.
Stop & Wm. H. Hem-
Thompson & Co. Potts-
d, Harrisburg
ngler, York; Croll & Bro
Dillsburg
& Son, Bolenburg
ine, Myerstown
chell, Lewistown
Wharton Township
Gettys, Pittsburg.
REY.
& Lane, Woodbury Re-
nuel H. Garrett, Hones-
Gaps Hills; Wm. Keyser,
n Bacon, Esq
Barnett, Salem Jessica
es M. Harker, Mount Holly
town; Samuel Fox, New-
ston; Tay & Pine, Jacob-
West Field; Gilbert Fun-
dale, Johnstown J. J. Jen-
Evans, New Egypt Chas.
Stout, Lambertville
VARE.
ge Reynolds, owner of all
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ils sale of the above
Wm. Kennedy, 1 STREET,
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Chestnut and Walnut streets
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THE RANSOM

OR, A FATHER'S LOVE.

"All a goose is now—
We must starve—yes—all—all—"

he disposition of misers were altered by a ated man, who (perchance!) was in spite of the darkest side of a large and gloomy He might be about forty years of age; ntenance strongly marked by the lines of ought and intense suffering. His pronou- hair hung down in large locks on one s his face. His make was muscular, yet ul, his motion easy and rather laugh- ixed, his whole appearance denoted him e gentleman, at once by birth, association, natural perception of honor. His dress consisted of a short mantle of black cloth over his chest; with pantaloons of the same and boots of the full and beautiful make ge and country, though they partook of goness which characterized the rest of his

e—there—again has he ridden by; it is d day," and he cast his eyes towards a gurl, whose noble countenance was slight- ve he—villain—dares he!" and he caught pier that was lying on a rickety table. one, you are not well, my love; lie down; ve had no sleep so long, you are not fa- lere." It was his wife who thus spoke; e apparently but little younger than him- er figure had naturally inclined a grace- dness, but was now somewhat attenuat- bright brown hair, slightly intersected there with a gray streak, was parted forehead, and tied behind with a hand, ac- g to the becoming fashion of the time.— se was pale, but full of both tenderness ganimity; her eyes large and blue; her ight yet sharp; the nostrils delicate pre- part of the countenance; full of sweetness ly sentiment. Her attire was of the brown cloth of the country, but, either e taste with which it was made up, or the beauty of the wearer's figure, it fem- apery full of graceful lines.

was Madame Calonne, the younger er of a noble family of Navarre, and r to children worthy, in disposition and grace, of such parents. When she ad- her husband, the sternness of his conte- relaxed, a flood of different feelings on him, his manliness almost gave way; overing his eyes with one hand, and al- ressing his fingers over them, (whilst with er he grasped that of his wife,) he seem- have a violent effort to restrain his tears. gh turning away from her, and taking deep slouched hat, he passed out of the No sooner was he beyond hearing, than e Calonne, casting herself into a chair, way to no longer repressible emotion. Her daughter immediately set down the work ch she had seemed to be entirely absorb- tearing open her mother's kerchief, de- Jaques is pour out a glass of water, which, from a large stone pitcher that stood in orner of their ill-furnished apartment.— drank some of it, she almost directly "It is nothing, love," said she to her ter: "I don't know how it is, but I get ly weak." "My father," replied the af-

Calonne started.

"But had we not best proceed, Monseigneur? —these are troublous times; and if noticed conferring here—especially as we are known to be both Huguenots—it may be dangerous."

Monsieur Calonne eyed his companion for the first time with a most scrutinizing glance—but obtained little satisfaction. The large folds of his cloak, the broad hat slouching over his eyes, and the duskiness, effectually shrouding him: he said, "I do not know you."

The stranger took no notice, but merely asked, "Shall we walk, Monseigneur?"

"I attend you."

Leaving the bridge, they turned down one of those narrow streets that lead to the Pre-aux-Clercs, and all around soon became silent. The houses were large and massive, and the common doors stood open in the manner of our chambers in inns of court. The stillness was only occasionally interrupted by the nimble pushing up of a window, and the cry of "*Gard' de l'eau*," which was simultaneous with a splash in the street—a warning nearly useless any where, in the manner in which it was given, but almost wholly so in these remote and unfrequented streets. This quarter of the town was chiefly inhabited by Huguenots, many of whom had been induced to come to Paris owing to the progress Huguenotism was just now making in the most influential ranks. It is not improbable, here were formed many of the plans of those future struggles for religious liberty, which agitated France with three successive civil wars; the spirit of which so frequently manifested itself, in contentions betwixt the rival parties, now nearly daily, in the Pre-aux-Clercs; but I digress. No sooner had they left the main street, than the stranger informed Monsieur Calonne of his business. "Perhaps, Monsieur," he said, "I have a more extraordinary disclosure to make to you, than was ever yet made by one man to another. I must entreat your forbearance, and request you will not misinterpret as offensive any thing I may say."

"Go on: if you have any claim or necessity for forbearance, you shall have it—at once to your business." The stranger proceeded thus; "Your circumstances—" Calonne started and reddened, though the latter could not be perceived.

"Your dreadful circumstances are well known both to me and to others—you have thousands of fellow sufferers—I have your commission on the bridge. I know you have no prospects but of the most appalling nature."

"Can you brighten them?" said Monsieur Calonne.

"I can," replied the stranger, "as regards your family, but not yourself."

"Oh, speak on!" cried Calonne; "I would believe their wants even at the price of my existence!"

"*I must be* at that price" replied the stranger.

Monsieur Calonne drew back and clutched his rapier.

"There is no danger of that kind: Listen, Monsieur. Logere is sentenced to execution to morrow morning. You know him?" said the other.

"By name only—he comes from Orleans. Go on—go on."

"His life is invaluable to his party—his wife is rich and despairing. She would save him at any price—there is no sacrifice she would not make."

The speaker here hesitated, and looked as if expecting Calonne to interrupt him. They were both speechless:—at length, after a long pause, catching hold his arm, Calonne gasped in a hoarse voice—"The sum!"

"Ten thousand crowns."

"Could it be known?"

"As we shall manage, never."

"Who are you?"

"A friend, and agent to Madame Logere, to whom I would introduce you."

"Take me to her."

The agent made no reply, but walked on rapidly, while Monsieur Calonne followed, muttering to himself, "Poor little wife, she suffered and sobbed, and sank her head despairingly upon her husband's shoulder. That was a dreadful night.—In the course of it, Calonne wrote one or two letters to different parties, and no sooner had the messenger left the apartment, than the anxious wife and eldest daughter were again beside him. He strove to comfort them as best he might. To their deprecating entreaties, he replied, with urging the necessity of redeeming, by some risk, his wife and children from ruin and starvation. At last wearied out by their importunity and Calonne's resolution, they desisted, and Helene said, "Go, my father: whatever be your intention, we will no longer seek to control it.—Go, and God speed you! well, if the danger you have to undergo, will be counterbalanced by the good. Remember, our peace is in the balance. What—what can recompense us if you have misjudged?"

Calonne stood a moment in deep thought, then said, "Helene! I have determined. I go. And now the cold gleams of day are breaking through the dark horizon. It is time. My wife, my child, farewell!"—We will draw a veil over the agony of Calonne's parting from his entire family.

He soon arrived at Madame Logere's, where he found her and Macon expecting him,—the former with all the wildness that a *selfish* mind I have mentioned, could not but be guessed at by every generous and feeling mind. The whole party soon quitted the hateful spot of incarceration; and, after reciprocating with Logere promises of lasting regard, Calonne hastened home to relieve the anxiety of his family, and, to communicate that there would, most probably, be no farther necessity for leaving them. Logere's friendship furnished the means for obtaining a second hearing of the cause respecting Calonne's fortune: and the Huguenots had time, in the twinkling of an eye, (as the political purposes of Catherine de Medicis) not so warmly persecuted, justice was suffered to prevail, and a fair decision given. He took possession of his property, and was enabled to repurchase his ancestral estate in Navarre; whither the household now retired, as did also the noble-minded Logere,—the two families living in the closest intimacy.

Madame Calonne and Helene, for a long time, turned pale at any mention of circumstances connected with the former condemnation of Logere; and the younger children, as they successively became old enough to estimate duly the motives of their sire, joined their mother and sisters in invoking blessings on that head and heart which had, from earliest love to them, entertained the thought of the RANSOM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SYMPTOMS OF GENIUS.

Experience does not seem to have settled the tokens and symptoms by which we may infallibly judge of human genius or capacity. At what age, for example, may a man's productions in poetry afford us a criterion by which to judge of his ultimate attainments? It is very true, if an old fellow of fifty begins to scribble verses which have nothing but the rhyme or numbers, or not even these to recommend them, we may safely admonish him to beware, for Nature never designed him for poetry. But suppose a man at twenty or thirty, has poetry *youthful* ambition, by what means shall we ascertain how far the first attempt, supposing the first attempt to be unsuccessful, is a sample of the writer's genuine powers? Every poet must begin, whenever he does begin, with writing baby. He cannot start up from his cradle a Pope or a Milton. A progress that terminates in excellence must yet begin with very rude and injudicious attempts, and the beginning must be equally unpromising, whether it take place at the age of ten, or twenty or thirty.

Dean Swift affords a striking example of the uncertainty of these indications. This great man made his entrance into the literary world by one of the most wretched odes that ever disgraced paper. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *sense*, and, as to *measure*, even allowing for the great irregularity, insufferable.

The following extract will prove this:—

"The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain,
And these with joyful, nimble wing,
Flow dutifully back again.
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,
And hopes to lessen life, by a transfusion of breath.
And seem almost transfuned to water, flame and air,
So well you answer all phenomena thro."

If any thing could add to the disgrace of writing such a poem, it was the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the Duchess of Ormond. Swift, it has been ascertained, was about twenty-four years of age, when he produced this choice morsel.

What critic, however, wary and candid, would have hesitated to pronounce the writer of such lines incapable of any future excellence? One would naturally suppose, that, at twenty-four years of age, the man would have unveiled himself, and the latent genius have broken from its sleep.

THE SKY.

"The sky we look up to though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because Heaven is there.
MOORE.

Fair sky!—what hast thou in the time of spring?
Birds, home along on the joyous wing;
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers—
Odors, breathed up from the fresh-blown flowers;
Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Or the child's light laugh and the peasant's mirth;
Blue gleams, bright from the sun-ray's kiss,
And trembling as if from excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer's eve,
When the full bright sun hath taken his leave?
Clouds, that are rich as young Hope's dreams—
Rainbow coloring, and amber beams;
Flushes of crimson glory, growing,
Like a maiden's blush, more intensely glowing
Beneath the ardent gazer's view—
Purple as light and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night?
Grandeur, and beauty, and calm moonlight;
Stars, bright stars, on their thrones on high,
Making their voiceless melody.
Prayers, sent up from the sleepless bed—
Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread;
Murmurs of forests, by light winds stirred,
And melting music from night's own bird.

What is below thee?—a land of sin,
Where sorrow and death have entered in;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the roisest lip breathes forth sob and sighs;
Where the sunny curls bleach with the hand of Time,
And the purest of spirits are tingled with crime;
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds must die,
And all things tell of mortality!

What is beyond thee?—a world where the power
Of Time cannot whither a single flower;
Where the earthly stains of our human clay
In the streams of mercy are washed away;
Where there comes not a shade o'er the triumphal brow;
Where the voice never sounds in one tone of wo,
Pair sky! we forget half our sorrow and care,
When we gaze upon thee, and think—Heaven is there.

How soon the best plans degenerate into formality, and how often the man transforms himself into an angel of light. What a fight, race and struggle, the christian warfare is! May I so fight, run and strive, that I may obtain.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government, so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory, with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously? I go within the walls of the capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-four nations, nations in many senses they may be called, that have within them all the germ and show of raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe, all speaking one language—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm—the love and glory of our common country—even if parties do exist and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too—in the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climates—and then what a variety of productions! What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans—with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, unsurveyed, of extinguished, and unextinguished Indian titles within the States and Territories, and without, estimated, in the aggregate, to be 1,090,871,755 acres and to be worth the immense sum of $1,363,589,80—seven hundred and fifty millions of acres of which are without the bounds of the States and the Territories, and are yet to make new States, and to be admitted into the Union! Our revenue, now, from the sales, is over five millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is already more than extinguished—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the war of Independence, again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land,—and now we have a population of over thirteen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For example, a Senator in Congress, from Louisiana, has just arrived in Washington. Twenty days of his journey he passed in a steamboat on inland waters, moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other steamboats move, in deeper waters, but constantly moving, at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveller, who left the green parks of London in leaves early in March; that land of the orange and olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness and life, and, as it were, mocking him with the midsummer of his own northern home. He journeyed day and night toward the region of ice and snow, to watch the budding of the young flowers, and to catch the breeze of the spring. He crossed the lakes Pondchartrain and Borgne; he scaled the big Tombeckbee in a comfortable steamboat. He passed the Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the winds of Alabama, over Indian grounds, that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable. He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the base of the mountains of Virginia; and for three months and more, he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever-coming spring—that most delicious season of the year; till, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of the Passamaquoddy, where tardy summer was just then hesitating whether it was time to come. And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country! The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the walls of Fort Sullivan, in the extermost extremity of Maine; and the morning gun that startled his slumbers, among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered till many minutes after on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embankments, the early brakes of the father of waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking alligator displayed his ponderous jaws, the cotton-fields, the rice grounds of the low southern country, and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the regions of the mountains, stretch far, far behind him; and he was now in a Hyperborean land—where nature were a rough and stary aspect, and a cold soil and a cold clime, compel man to launch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave, and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, is a more magnificent one, in many respects, than that of Europe. If a young American then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress, let him make such a journey. Let him stand up on the levee at New Orleans and count the steamboats that lie there, or hear the cry of Anne-come-marrow! Let him, if he can, stand on the deck of a steamboat, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, puff, of the high-pressure steamboats, that come sweeping in almost every hour, perhaps from a sort of inland navigation, fifty miles off, from the frozen winter of the North, to the full burning summer of the South—all inland navigation fleets of them, as large as the world can show; with the elegant round, neat berths, spacious saloons, and cozy parlors, and the thousands of passengers, both sexes can dance or sing (if we will, to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red River, twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction, from the western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or Wind river; from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches; and then in the East, from Illinois, the Ohio, and its numerous tributaries—such as the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the nearest of which, such as the Sandy river, on the borders of Kentucky—that will in a fresher feet and roar, and dash, as it were the father of floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embossed in the greater stream and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him see "the Broad Horns," the adventurous flatboats of western waters, on which—from back!—the daring backwoodsmen sallies forth from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above, on a voyage of Atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen and cattle of all kinds on board, corn, flour, whiskey—the products of rich western lands; and let him see them, too, as he rides the strong current of the Mississippi, as if the wood on which he floated was reaching the fabled of the Nymph of Scamander, instead of horses. Take the young traveller where the clear silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri, and where the currents of the mighty rivers ran apart for miles, as if indisposed to mix in friendship. Let the steed with him farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map, he will find that he is about as near the east as the west, and that south the emigrant, who is borne on the wave of population that bears settlers at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and aman will overleap its summits—will speak of him as he now speaks of New England as far in the east. And then tell him that far west as he is, he is but at the beginning of steamnavigation; that the Mississippi itself is not navigable six or seven hundred miles upward; and that steamboats have actually gone on the Missouri two thousand one hundred miles above its mouth and that they can go five hundred miles farther still! Take him to the Indian land where the woodsman is leveling the forest every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages, pounted with the spire of the church, and adorned with the school house and the court house, and where the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinnati, well called "the Queen of the West"—a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactories, and an intelligent society. Take him in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works; where the fierce savages, even within the memory of the young man, made the hearts of their parents quake with fear—roaming at the forests, as the red, in war-painted triumph, wielding the tomahawk in terror, and ringing the war whoop like demons of vengeance let loose from below! Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario, with incomparable oceans, encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania—works, the wonder of the world, such as no one people in modern times have ever attempted. And then introduce him to the busy, humming, thriving population of New England, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and rude sea-coasts of Maine. Show him the industry, energy, skill and ingenuity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account, who mingle in every thing, speculate in every thing, and dare every thing wherever a cent of profit is to be earned, whose lumbermen are found not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearful wilds of Maine, throwing up sawmills on the lone water-falls, and making the woods resound with their hearty music; but found, too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John, Madawaska and Aroostook, streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then, too, as if this were not enough, they turn their enterprise and their companies "to log and lumber," even on the Ocmulgee and Oconee of the State of Georgia; and on the day they are actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes. And there are no water-falls, making steam impel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studded with superb villages—jewels of places, that have sprung up like magic.

Show him the hundreds and hundreds of coasters that run on every creek and inlet of idle water there, at times left high and dry, as if the ocean would never float them more; and then lift him above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New England men are perpetuating their high character and holy love of liberty—and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village—by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles, or oftener, upon almost every road, free for every body—high-born and low born—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconvenience; by asylums and institutions munificently endowed, for the benefit of the poor:—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Bunker Hill, or speak of Concord, or Lexington.

Give any young man such a tour as this—the best he can make—and I am sure his heart will beat quick, when he sees the proud spectacle to the assemblage of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests within a single hall. He will more and more revere the memory of those revolutionary patriots, who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution—such a government here in Washington, regulating all our national concerns—but who have also, in effect, left us twenty-four other governments, with territory enough to double them by and by—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their own sphere; now, in the winter, assembling within their various capitols, from Jefferson city, on Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebeck; from the capitol on the Hudson to the government-house on the Mississippi.—Show me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history; such a constellation of free States, with no public force, but public opinion to control, well-regulated law, each in its own proper orbit around the brighter star in Washington; thus realizing, as it were, on earth, almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom that fixed the sun in the firmament, and sent the planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!—*Portland Shield.*

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Has learned to mingle with the pulse of age,
And soon to gather up its latest limbs.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And in this wise bestowed his last requests:—

"Mother, I'm dying now,
There's a deep suffocation on my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brow I feel the cold sweat stand.
Say, Mother, is this death?
Mother, your hand!
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet Mother say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?
"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night, to pray,
Nor to the morning sunlight, and sing the lay
I taught to me.
Oh! at the hour of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.
"Father, I'm going home
To that great home you spoke of, that blest land
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,
And tempests do not come.
From fearless and from pain,
From troubles, fears, you say I shall be free—
That sickness does not enter there, and we
Shall meet again.
"Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've strayed to watch the coming buds and flowers
Forget it not.
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.
"Sister, the young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves in green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom
I shall be gone away—my short course run—
And will you not bestow a single one
On my tomb.
"Now, Mother, sing the tune
You sung last night, I'm weary, and must sleep—
Who *sees it called my name?* Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon.
Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and calm and pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The fragrant odors of the lovely spring.
He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful song,
But worried not his slumber—he was dead!

—FOR THE LADIES.—

DUTIES OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

It is the duty of brothers and sisters to delight in each other's society, and readily to share their comforts with each other. It is not say that they should seek to other companions, but they should cultivate no friendship to the neglect of their own relations. In other companions, treachery may lurk under the guise of complaisance, and speak in the compliments of flattery; but you will assuredly find sincerity in domestic intercourse. The kindness of the heart beams in a sister's smile, and speaks in a brother's praise.—Even when new connexions have brought you into another circle, let there be a place kept in your hearts, and at our table, for your earliest friends. Should Providence raise you to affluence, or station, superior to some of them, you will degrade yourselves by acting to them with haughtiness or severe. There is no condescension, and no contempt, that will affect them so painfully as yours. The stronger our claim is to kindness and attention, the more deeply do we feel opposite treatment. It will give the worst impressions of your hearts to those around you, and they will say that none can depend on your friendship and your aid, when you are capable of acting thus coldly and harshly to your nearest relations. Your hearts must be easily corrupted, if ever the remembrance of the scenes that passed under a father's roof cease to interest you, and you find no pleasure in the sight of objects which recal these to your thoughts. The selfish principle pleads strongly for the limitation of our advantages to ourselves but nature and charity assert the right of others to share them; and far sweeter is possession are the comforts in which they participate, than those which the grasp of avarice keeps from the sight of every eye, and the touch of every hand, but its own. The selfish man regards this as a disadvantage and all attempts to convince him how much he would increase his own enjoyment by the sacrifices of tastes and comfort to others, are generally as vain as the appeals that are made to his conscience on the duty and the obligations of benevolence; but I trust it will be your care in the various walks of life to which you are called to move, to do good and to communicate, and to see your happiness in making others happy.

There have been brothers and sisters so estranged from each other, that they have never met during many years; and the only event which brings those together who were cherished in the same bosom, is the funeral solemnity of one of them.—It is scarcely possible that anything can occur which can justify such a total estrangement, "Perhaps the cause which gave rise to it was of the most frivolous nature. But are idleness and friends the only persons with regard to whom no forbearance is to be exercised, and no forgiveness is to be granted? and will He who commands us to seek a prompt reconciliation with a neighbour or estrange with us, hold you guiltless if you, for an estrangement from your relatives, and in hostility to them?

Books have been written in a form adapted to catch the fancy of the young, in which the claims of our kindred to our friendship have been strenuously opposed; and in some of them pictures are drawn of brotherly and sisterly acting with hateful hypocrisy and cruelty to each other. Such publications need not surprise us in an age marked by wild licentiousness of speculation. It was scarcely to be expected that the vain deceit which had laboured to convulse society would spare families; but while it tried to hew down the branches under which communities were sitting, it would pass the humbler ones by which our dwellings were shaded. Such books are an attempt to destroy morality and happiness in their first principles; and they can only be relished by a mind that delights in eccentric speculation, and by a heart that is dead to the voice of nature.

Brothers and sisters should beware of envying one another. It might be supposed that envy would have no place in hearts so closely united; but even in domestic life its workings have been most fearfully and cruel. The idea of one member of a family having more of a parent's favour, being more noticed by those around, and destined to employments superior to the rest, has kindled an envy which has destroyed the attachments and the prospects of domestic life. How dreadful were the consequences of envy in the family of Jacob! It was the partiality of the old man fondly cherished, and too evidently manifested to Joseph, which at first extinguished every kind feeling from the hearts of his brethren, and prepared them for the blackest deeds. Partiality of this kind is the most effectual way of ruining the happiness of the object which it idolizes, and directs against it the arts and the injury of exasperated pride and relentless malice.—When you are tempted to envy a brother or a sister, because they appear to enjoy more of the notice of your parents and your friends than you, consider that this partiality may exist only in your own jealous imaginations; or that if it is real, it is probably owing to their possessing what you have seen at no pains to cultivate, and to their acting in a manner which you will not follow. Men are prone to flatter themselves in their own eyes, and to depreciate the merits which are preferred to theirs. Be just to the claims of your relatives, and believe that the calls which urge you to imitate them, and the wishes which are expressed that you were like them, are not the taunts of a foolish and insulting partiality, but the effusions of an enlightened affection, which cannot be blind to your faults, and which is earnestly desirous to find you worthy of its praise.

Sunday Reading.

The Death-Bed Comfort of a Christian.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality without casting a wistful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyments, even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them; we have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power to charm the mind, and to make cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, total pangs must it give to the heart to think of parting for ever! We contract an attachment even to animate objects. The tree under whose shadow we have often sat; the fields where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of meditation, become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more; and looking behind, for the last time, on the sad circle of our weeping friends;—how great must be the affliction to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together, not one person shall be missing that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if strong imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which the occasion delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they prove when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens! LOGAN.

THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

Redeemed spirits abide at the source of all felicity, and enjoy inconceivable pleasures. They are completely released from all sins and sufferings, from all temptations and sorrows. Moral evil, with all its attendants, is eternally banished from those bright abodes; for the people who dwell there are all perfectly righteous; our sick and dying friends will never more say, "I am sick." Their garments are always white; their harps are always tuned. Being with Christ, according to his promise, they behold his glory, and are delighted with his beauty.

Now the immortal spirit is invigorated in all its powers, enlarged in all its faculties, on purpose to render it capable of taking in more copious views, and of receiving abundantly larger emanations of divine love, than it could possibly before enjoy. They have now traced up the streams to the eternal fountain; the beams to the very sun of love. With adoring hearts and ravished eyes, with animated devotion, and notes divinely sweet, they join the heavenly choir in that seraphic hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of his glory! How inconceivable the pleasure! How divine the joy!

And all their sublime felicity is permanent. The infinite God is their portion, and their "exceeding great reward." Their happiness, therefore, is durable as the divine perfections they adore and enjoy. The faculties of their capacious souls will be for ever enlarging, and for ever receiving greater measures of glory. For the Deity is an infinite source of blessedness; and finite vessels may be for ever expanding, and for ever filling, in that ocean of all sufficiency. BOGUE.

SUNSHINE.—Sorrow is the genuine effusion of nature. Joy may be assumed, smiles may be on the lips and sweet music may be on the tongue—yet have no acquaintance with the heart. But no wise will copy the expressions of grief, wear the mask of a dreadful foe, or affect the pangs that remind us of the insecurity of happiness. Education may refine, may remove or efface original impressions, and silence or mollify some of the strongest emotions; but acute distress is the torrent that art cannot suppress, the voice that will be heard, whether in cries aloud, in excuses of anguish, or of the pains of memory in solitude. When nature speaks in the genuine language of affliction, and tells us the delicate, strong, deep, enduring feeling, scathed into terror, and suddenly broken, few will turn away and refuse to condole with the sufferer. Levity is serious and respectful, the rude courtesy and compassionate humanity real service—for it indicates the most amiable traits of human character. Tears from such a source leave no stain on the cheek of manhood, or on the pale force of woman, but claim our admiration no less than our sympathies.

Poor human nature! how frequently art thou supported with, in the very halls of thine mourning! Descended from a God, yet often yield to shadows, the mere motion of pelly reclines! The puncture of a pin, the single sting of the insects that lives only a few hours, can destroy the life of lordly man, who, though formed in the likeness of his Creator, is as much the sport of the insignificant as the reptile that crawls at his feet. Let us, however, consider—for God is just! Rather let us consider that the present condition of our being is necessary to prepare us for the Paradise that will eternally endure. Tears are wiped from our feelings are wounded, to spare the little evils of life, and endure what is unavoidable with firmness, denotes a strong and well-regulated mind. To assist our principles in the presence of life and death, and to exclaim with confidence on the supporter and executioner, sustains the hope that the soul can never die. A virtuous and enlightened mind cannot be the permanent abode of sorrow; it has souls to bear or, besides the consolations of friends. There are duties to perform, rewards to enjoy, and hopes to indulge on earth. If these do not glitter in the gloom of present affliction, imagination may present, beyond the dark curtain of mortality an image at which the mourner might look and forget to weep.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The following account of a most extraordinary foot-race, which recently took place in England, will be found interesting to many of our readers.—It proves the wonderful perfection to which our physical powers may be carried by exercise and training. There are probably but very few horses that could perform the distance of fifty miles, in eight hours and thirty minutes, and not be much more distressed than was the winner in the present instance. It is the opinion of many anatomists, and physiologists, that man was intended by nature, to be the swiftest animal that moves upon the ground; and there is good reason found for this opinion in the fact, that no animal possesses a locomotive apparatus, as large and powerful, in proportion to the rest of the body. The ostrich comes the nearest to man, in this particular, and is one of the swiftest animals.

FOOT RACE FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

Townsend and Berry, for 50l. a side.

"*Hetty-fast!*" "*Hetty-fast!*" was the war cry on Monday morning, and from half past seven until eight o'clock, vehicles of all sorts and sizes thronged past the Obelisk, Sporting gents, with the up-over-so-early look of a real town-bred man, found their way to the starting post by the latter hour at least, and the men, who were at the tavern, locked well, and felt confident. Two umpires were appointed on each side, and every arrangement had been made for a good match; the morning looked propitious, and though there was but little betting, the race had evidently excited great interest. Berry's money was put down by Gentleman, who had promoted him the entire stakes if he won; he had therefore every incitement to do his best. Townsend was the favorite in London, but in Crawley, Berry was taken for choice, the latter having trained at the Sun, in that town. It was whispered that T. had had a trial day, and had completed the distance in seven hours and twenty minutes, and after that, walked from Brighton to Lewes; Berry had not, at any one time, done the entire distance, but he, during his training, ran twenty-five miles in three hours, without any apparent distress, and his speed, together with the fact of his being nine years younger, made many inclined to think that the "old one," had caught a tartar. At three minutes past eight, Townsend was started; he wore an elastic shirt, flannel drawers, cotton stockings, and ankle shoes; had on a dark cap, and his waist was bound with a handkerchief of the same colour; he went off at from eight to nine miles an hour, and was followed for the first mile by hundreds, who afterwards turned back to see Berry start. At twenty minutes past eight, he came out in a similar dress to that of his adversary, saving that his head was tied up in a blue and white spotted handkerchief, and his wind bound in with the like. At twenty-three minutes past eight, he went off at about six and a half miles an hour.

The Men.—John Phipps Townsend was born at Newry, in June, 1793, and therefore will be forty-five this year. His first race was when a boy of ten years of age, round Lewes park, for the magnificent sum of one shilling! He came of a sporting family; his father, who is now the crier of Lewes, and in his sixty-eight year, having been noted in Sussex as a runner half a century ago. Townsend was, we believe, originally a brick-layer, but has latterly taken to the profession of a lamp-lighter, in which capacity he is said to do the work of two men daily; and, from the nature of his employment, is continually in training. Himself, his father, and two of Townsend's sons, one aged 14, the other 13, can be matched to *walk* twenty-four miles amongst them in one hour. It would be tedious to enumerate the number of matches in which T. has been engaged; if we said three hundred, we should not exceed the mark. At a long distance, he is perhaps the best man in the world; he is afficied with lurnas, which makes the feat more remarkable.

John Berry was born in Lancashire, in the year 1808, and is at present in the employ of Mr. Borer, of the White Hart, Fetter lane, London. He has won many matches in Manchester and its vicinity, and is not considered inferior by any body in England for thirty miles. His speed is greater, but his lasting qualities inferior to those of Townsend; his employment is less favorable to pedestrianism. Amid other pedestrian exploits, he beat the celebrated Grimes at Shepherd's bush, at ten miles, again at Sunbury common, five. He beat Brown one mile, running it in four minutes and forty-six seconds; beat Goodman, the tailor, 600 yards on Hampstead heath; beat Shepherd ten miles at the Isle of Dogs; beat Coates ditto; and last, but least, beat Town-end twenty miles, given him fifteen minutes start.

The Race.—Townsend went off at score, and maintained his pace for the first eight miles; Berry improved his, and ultimately got beyond nine miles an hour, doing between London and Reigate, one nine in fifty-eight minutes. At every point, inquiries were made as to how far the "old one" was ahead, and B. it was found gained upon his opponent, about one minute per mile; T. occasionally walked, which B. did not; he took a glass of jelly at the seventh mile stone, and actually ran into Reigate, without breaking once, in two hours and thirty-six minutes, thus winning many bye bets; at this point Townsend was only four minutes ahead of him. The latter proceeded, but Berry stopped at the Swan, Reigate, to refit; he remained there fifteen minutes; and here, we conceive, his backers made their second mistake—their first being their inticing their man to make Reigate at the pace he did.—He picked up sixteen minutes in twenty miles, which he had no business to do. He was sufficiently fresh at Reigate to have gone on *gently* in five minutes, instead of which he was kept upon the fret, with some little anxieties about his change of garments, &c. which (though unintentional) appeared to worry the man, and made his mind uneasy. He started again, at fourteen minutes past eleven, at a terrific rate. Had his shoes and stockings merely changed, and his feet rubbed with brandy, all might have been well; but the pace he made to fetch up his lost time would have killed anything. Poor Townsend had hardly left Reigate ere he began to cramp—run he certainly could not—the pain he suffered was evident by the contortions of his countenance, and nothing but intuitive courage could have carried him on; he did manage to walk, and now and then trot a few yards, but that with difficulty; and Berry got in sight at the 27th, and passed him on Hookwood common, at the 28th mile stone, just where the boundary is marked between Surrey and Sussex. Berry's pace would have beaten any one but Townsend, who, despite cramp, cold, and wet, walked on, meaning, to use his own phrase, to "do all he know, or die upon the road." To the 32d mile-stone, Berry ran, without having walked even a single yard! It was strangely exciting to see that nothing lived with him—horses, that started first from London, broke down at or a little beyond Reigate; dogs tailed off after a few miles; and a lot of jockies in velveteen jackets, corduroys, and leather continuations, who started with him at different points between Sutton and Crawley, were regularly blown and beaten off to a quarter of a mile. After he broke to a walk, it was credible to see how he labored the man, that he had been too fast—he did not walk soundly; his colour became *leady*, his hands were numbed, and he complained of cold; at the Swan Peasepurridge gate he stopped one minute, and had some hot brandy and water, and went to the Old Pitt's Head (now called something else,) and changed again; here another quarter of an hour was lost, and here it was evident that the man was "done," unless something went wrong with the old one; this, in fact, did occur, for Townsend's cramp increased, and he was compelled to put up, we believe at Peasepurridge gate, but being on before Berry at the time, we are not certain; he waited some little and tried again, but at Hickstead he was finally knocked up; he had some tea and sop, and his friends urged him to start, but he declared his inability, and said he must lay down; he did so for twenty-two minutes. His legs were in a dreadful state, knotted up like a gnarled oak; he hirrelled his way from Clamp to the state of the roads, as his stockings were one mass of mud, but the real fact is, that the pace was too severe for him; his lasting qualities as a walker are undeniable, but he is not now, than he has been a fast runner. Toothacha's illness assumed a serious aspect, and though the pace was out of Berry, yet he was on the road and ahead; at the juncture Mr. Parker, of Reigate, came to the rescue, and rendered the energies of the old one, who suddenly flung off the blankets and ran out of the house with a determination that was evidently not to be compared. Five to one was at this time freely offered against him.

Berry's pace became more and worse. His friends drove before him to shelter him from the sleet. A gentleman who was on horseback beside him all day, spread his Mackintosh for the same purpose, and everything was done that judgment and humanity could suggest, but nature was failing him, and even the addition of a coat and of double flannels did not warm him. His backer, at one point, got out and ran with him, but he could not rally; when he passed the Plough, he was about four minutes ahead of his opponent, but he could no longer trot, or even make a "try" for it, and his walk did not exceed three miles an hour. In Fyecombe parish, Townsend caught sight of his man, and, with the emphatic phrase, "I've got him now," went away at a slapping pace. Near Patcham, Berry declared himself beat, but on the gentleman endeavored to saying, that an accident might yet win it, such as Townsend's failing, &c. he went on. By Patcham, Townsend ran past, and calling to his opponent, "Come on Jack," went ahead. The face of the loser was at this moment indicative of great mental and bodily affliction, and at the windmill he stopped. A blacksmith came up, and reported Townsend a full quarter of a mile before him, and Berry's backers instantly threw open the door of their barouche, he was seated in, covered with their coats, and the gentlemen, consoling themselves with the old adage, "Bad luck now, better another time" drove rapidly into Brighton, arriving there before Townsend.—He was informed of his adversary's defeat, but thinking it a "work in vention of the enemy," to make him slacken his pace, paid away at increased speed, in high spirits, and not inclined to be baulked, in proof of which he floored a little fat fellow, who interrupted him, close by the Hare and Hounds, to the great delight of the bystanders, and the evidently great surprise of the *fooree*; a dense crowd was assembled from the latter place to St. Peter's church, through which he ran as well as their flocking about him permitted, and at thirty-five minutes past four he caught hold of the rails surrounding it. He appeared rather groggy, but not greatly distressed. He did his distance in eight hours and thirty-two minutes; was instantly placed in a vehicle, and taken to Mr. Saunders' New Ship Inn, Brighton—stripped, rubbed, placed in flannels on a sofa before the fire, and in twenty minutes he put on his clothes and was as fresh as a lark.

Berry was taken to the Golden Cross physically and mentally distressed; he wept bitterly, and seemed shockingly depressed about the losses his friends had sustained. It is due to them to say that they did their utmost to cheer the man, and bore their ill luck with a good grace. About nine o'clock he rallied, and drank some brandy and water.

A little after six, some gentlemen put Townsend into a chaise, and accompanied him to town, where he arrived about three in the morning. Berry went up on Tuesday, and "slavered" at Mr. Borer's the same night. There are some heavy losses upon time, but on the event itself but little. Amid the many circumstances that gave *eclat* to the day, was the fact of his majesty driving out upon the London road, a little before four—whether to see the men or not, his taking that route was attributed to such a cause.

As whenever some men lose money they talk of "crosses," the imputation was not found wanting here. One person at Reigate said, *before the event was known*, that B. was to pass T. at Crawley, but the latter was to win; now the result was as stated, but the detail was wrong, for B. passed ten miles on this side of Crawley, and the "learned Theban," if his bets were on T. spoke a guess found on his known bottom. Others said that if B.'s heart had been in the right place he could have won. We think not; he was ill advised to make such a pace at first, but we doubt if he has any way equal to fifty miles. The stakes are to be given up to the winner on Tuesday, at Mr. Spring's, when we trust the losing man will not be forgotten.

Saturday Evening Post.

MAY 26, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We are indebted to "WESLEY," for an acceptable communication, from Dr. W. C——. It will appear in our next.

We crave pardon from our fair Correspondent at Valley Forge, for a slight alteration, in the first stanza of her admirable production.

"Julia" will meet with prompt attention.

The essay on Mental Character is in type.—We therefore cannot comply with the request of the author.

"M. W." is rejected.

"Walkon" cannot appear.

The author of an essay on Grecian Tragedy, is incompetent to his subject.

ERRATA.

In the last letter of our foreign correspondent, 15th line from the commencement, for like read walike—in relation to the Thames Tunnel.

Through the carelessness of the proof-reader several blunders, made by our compositor, were suffered to pass, in the essay on "*Fictitious History*," published in the last Post. In the fourth column, 5th paragraph, our correspondent is made to say—"This period in England may be FIRST." &c.—FIXED should have been the word. Seventh paragraph, the same column, for "we NOW REALLY see a work of this kind," &c.—read RARELY. Several other errors of minor importance occurred, which the reader will readily detect, as those of a blundering compositor.

TRUNK LOST.

A LEATHER TRAVELLING TRUNK, with the name of the subscriber engraved on a brass plate, attached to the front part of the trunk, was lost on the rail road, between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, on Thursday, the 4th inst. It contained wearing apparel; and papers of value to the subscriber only. A liberal reward will be paid to the person who shall restore the same.

J. R. WALKER.
Pennsylvania Sentinel Office,
36 Walnut street, Phila.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange between this and Harrisburg, will confer a favor by inserting the above.

THE NEW YORK COMMITTEE & THE PRESIDENT.

In our paper of Saturday, we announced the arrival of the New York committee on their return from their recent visit to President Van Buren, and at the same time stated the reply of that functionary to be glossy and unsatisfactory.

The Committee proceeded immediately on to New York, and in the New York papers of Saturday afternoon, we find some further particulars in relation to the interview between the parties alluded to. Fearing that on their arrival at the seat of Government, the Committee addressed a note to the President, requesting an interview, to which they received an answer naming two o'clock as a convenient time for the interview, but suggesting that to avoid all misapprehension, the President desired that the communication of the Committee on the business of their mission should be communicated in writing. The committee repaired to the White House at the time appointed, and were received by the President, Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, and Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury.—The Committee then read their address to the President a paper, setting forth their views as to the causes of the present distress in the commercial world, and requesting a repeal of the Specie Circular, a call of Congress, and a suspension of suits on bonds. The paper was courteously received, and the President expressed his sympathy for the sufferings which were endured, but said that the Committee would hardly expect him to concur with them as to the causes of the distress. In the written communication subsequently made to the Committee, the President said that he *did not think it expedient to rescind the Specie Circular, and he thought that a call of Congress at the present time would be inexpedient.* The subject of a suspension of suits was reserved for investigation as to the state of the laws and further consideration. The result on this point will be made known without delay through the medium of the Collector of the Port of New York.—*Ind.*

On Thursday, 4th inst. Wall street was thrown into a state of tremendous excitement by the announcement of the sudden and unexpected death of John Fleming, Esq. who had the day previous resigned the station of president of the Mechanics' Bank. Hundreds of rumors were afloat, and the consequence was, that no run was made upon the bank. They (the bank) had a circulation of about $250,000, one half of which was out of town, and they had $600,000 in specie in their vaults. The amount drawn out in specie was about $14,000, and probably the same amount was deposited the same day by those who were perfectly acquainted with the state of the bank. Several other institutions offered to pay specie for the Mechanics' notes, but the offer was declined.

It is stated as one cause of the lamented Mr. Fleming's resignation, that he lost very largely by two brokers, whom he backed, and who were deeply engaged in buying up commercial paper at large discounts, and drawing their checks on the Mechanics' Bank, where they had no funds, for the amount. The recent heavy failures broke up that business, and the discovery was made.—*Sunday Morning News.*

Correspondence of N. Y. Evening Star.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, 1837.

I had forgotten to mention you a strange circumstance which now is a source of some excitement in Jones' co. Some 15 years ago a lad of that county, about 18 years of age, left his home, his father died and left a large property, and he not being heard from, his estate was divided, and his share, some thirty thousand dollars, was divided among those left. Within a few months, he has appeared and laid claim to his property; his mother denies him, and says he is an imposter, as the real person died some time ago in New Orleans, and she paid his funeral expenses. He is to be tried as an imposter. Opinion is equally divided in regard to his identity; some say he is the man, and others as decidedly contend that he is not. He has the same marks as the supposed dead individual—a scar on one of his legs and a joint of one of his fingers amputated. He relates numerous circumstances connected with his leaving and early youth, and there are many he cannot remember. His mother is married again, and denies him. So does his family; but others again swear to his identity. It is a strange and interesting case, and there are many facts which I dare not detail, which speak strongly for and against him.

From the N. Y. Com. Adv. of May 8.

Dry Dock Bank.—We were not aware that a run had been commenced on the Dry Dock Bank, at the time of putting the Commercial to press, on Saturday. Such, however, was the fact, and it was carried on briskly until four o'clock, when the doors were closed, under circumstances rendering it doubtful whether they would be opened again. There was great excitement in Wall street the whole of Saturday, which had been increased in the afternoon by the return of the committee from Washington, with a flat denial on the part of the president, to listen to the universal wail of commercial distress, or adopt any measures of relief. This excitement was of course increased by the run upon the Dry Dock Bank—which, it is understood, was caused by the refusal of some other banks to receive its notes. Added to all which were a large number of heavy suspensions.

It was stated in the Courier and Enquirer this morning, that a meeting of the officers of the city banks was held on Saturday evening, to consider what course should be pursued in relation to the Dry Dock Bank the books of the bank were exhibited and the result was a resolution that it could not be sustained. There is probably some mistake in this representation, as will be seen in the sequel. The immediate effect of the publication, however, was to cause a general rush of the bill holders of the Dry Dock into the street, at an early hour. Long before ten o'clock the doors were crowded, and the officers of the bank were thronged to "high pressure." There were some two or three thousand people in the street far the greater number of whom, however were not bill-holders, but merely "lookers on in Venice"—helping by their presence to swell the crowd, and to increase the excitement.

In this emergency, another meeting of bank officers was held, and at about 11 o'clock it was announced that all the Dry Dock bills would be promptly redeemed at the counters of all the banks in the city. This information caused an abatement of the panic, and the crowd gradually melted away, so that by 12 o'clock, the assemblage of citizens in the street was not much greater than is usual in these days of "peril and alarm."

Thus much for another chapter in the operation of the "better currency" system, which was to produce such wonders. And what a beautiful "experiment" it has made! How much better does the system work than the old one! How much better the currency! How much safer the public revenue! How flourishing our commerce! How much better off the people!

THE BUFFALO BANKS.

Intelligence reached here on Saturday evening, that on application of the New York Bank Commissioners the Chancellor of the State of New York had laid an injunction on the three Banks at Buffalo, and for the time stopped their business. The cause was, not that the Banks had stopped payment, or were likely to do so, but that the Directors borrowed too much of the money they loaned out! Yes, and as they did not keep within the limits prescribed to the Commissioners, they, in conformity with the provisions of the Safety Fund Act, sent out an injunction.—The Albany Argus states that the course of proceedings by the court is in the first instance to issue a temporary injunction, restraining the operations of the bank, except receiving payments, until a short day appointed for the bank to show cause why a permanent injunction should not issue, and that in this instance, cause is to be shown before the Chancellor on the fourth Monday of the present month; and adds, —" We indulge the hope that these banks will be able to show sufficient cause to prevent further proceedings against them, and in the mean time hope that no uneasiness will be entertained by the holders of bills, which we have no doubt are abundantly safe, and that the other banking institutions of this State will continue to enjoy, as we have no doubt they deserve, the public confidence."

The names of these Banks, three in number, are the Commercial Bank of Buffalo, the City Bank of Buffalo, and the Bank of Buffalo. We learn further, that a bill was introduced into the N. York Senate on Friday, providing for the immediate payment out of the Bank Fund, of the bills of any bank whose operations were suspended by the Bank Commissioners.—*Inq.*

Horrible Outrage.—The most painful of our editorial duties is the recording of such dreadful atrocities as the following, which we copy from the Louisville Journal; and the increasing frequency of brutal outrage, fills the mind with shame, regret and distressing apprehensions of future evil.

We have derived from a respectable traveller the particulars of one of the most atrocious and horrible occurrences, that ever disgraced the annals of human life, civilized or savage. A feeble bodied man, whom we will call Conrad, settled a few years ago on the Mississippi, a short distance below Randolph, on the Tennessee side. He succeeded in amassing property to the value of about $14,000, and, like most of the settlers, made a business of selling goods to the boats. This he sold at $2.50 a cord, while his neighbors asked $3. One of them took to remonstrate against his under-selling, and had a fight with his brother-in-law Clark, in which he was beaten. He then went and obtained a legal process against Clark, and returned with a deputy sheriff, attended by a posse of desperate villains. When they arrived at Clark's house he was sawing among his children, and they instantly fired on him, wounded him in two places, and putting two or three balls through his body, Clark ran, was overtaked and knocked down; in the midst of his cries for mercy, one of the villains discharged a pistol in his mouth, killing him instantly. They then required the widow to sell his property to them and leave the country. He, fearing that they would otherwise take his life, sold them his valuable property for $300, and departed with his family. The sheriff was one of the purchasers.

The Courier des Etats Unis of Saturday morning, contains a letter, of which the subjoined is in substance a translation, addressed to the editor, by the Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the Prince de Canino, who arrived in the city of New York, a few days after his cousin, Prince Louis Napoleon.

New York, May 7th, 1837.

Monsieur Editor.—While confined in the dungeons of St. Angelo, I had not the power to refute the calumnies of which I have been the object; now that my feet are on a soil of liberty, I hold it a duty to my name to contradict the infamous outrage of which I was the victim. * *

The Papal Government, uneasy at seeing me traverse, with my brother, the plains of Rome, in the enjoyment of the chase, conceived the design of getting rid of us, but the agents of the Holy Father dared not to meet me face to face. One day as I was passing through the village of Canino, on a hunting excursion, an officer of gendarmerie accosted me in a friendly manner, he was conversing familiarly with me, when of a sudden some thirty soldiers appeared from the adjoining streets, and one of them presented a pistol at me; it missed fire, and with my companion-de-chasse I gave him a serious wound.—The officer had raised his hatchet to cut me down, but I laid him dead upon the ground, and disabled another soldier; the others drew back and fired several shots at me, one of which took effect upon my head, and I fell; as I lay upon the ground I received several bayonet wounds. In this condition, and bound, I was dragged to the castle of St. Angelo. But for the wound which stunned me, I would have put them to flight or died like a Frenchman and a soldier, demanding death in the last. I was tried by a special tribunal—my sentence was decreed beforehand—the court of Rome sought to wreak upon me the hatred it bears my race. I should have undergone an ignominious death, but for the intervention of my family, and particularly of Cardinal Fesch, who represented strongly to the Pope the abominable conduct of his agents. The Pope himself confessed that he had been deceived by false reports. After nine months of imprisonment I am again at liberty, and my first care is to defend my honor.

POLICE.—*Money Makers.*—Some of our argus-eyed police officers, in New York, discovered that a party of persons in that city were making and issuing bank bills on the Ottawa Bank in Illinois; and as there happened to be no such Bank in existence, they took the whole group into custody. The history of the affair seems to be that the persons intended, as they say, to establish the Ottawa Bank, and to have a Branch Bank in N. York. They in consequence chose a President, Cashier, Directors, &c., and proceeded forthwith to manufacture their notes, which, as we have been informed they were beginning, or, at all events, preparing to put into circulation among such persons as were willing to part with their cash or good bank fling paper. After they were arrested it appeared there was no law to warrant their detention, and they were consequently discharged. We obtain from mercantile sources of this legend from, but would recommend them to be careful.—*N. Y. Trans.*

Mr. Clayton's Balloon Ascension.—The Cincinnati Whig of the 26th ult. says .—" The tenth ascension of Mr. Clayton, which took place on Monday evening last, was one of the most flattering, as it was the most adventurous, of any previous attempt on his part. The balloon not being fully inflated, the *reasonable* part of his audience had no expectation of an ascent; but the *adverd* part of the witnesses, those who had insured no expense, *expected* an adventure; therefore, to gratify the morbid appetite of such as contributed least to the exhibition, although the most numerous class, Mr. C. determined, at all hazards, to again make an ascent. The result of his enterprise is not yet known.

" N. B. We have just learned that Mr. Clayton has arrived in the city, having landed safely seven miles from the city, in Kentucky."

THE ABDUCTION CASE.

It will be remembered that we a short time since, gave some details in relation to the alleged abduction of a young lady at Cincinnati, Miss Allen. We learn from the Cincinnati Whig of the 3d inst. that some developments in relation to the matter, of a most astonishing character, have recently been made, proving the whole story to be a complete humbug, and fully exonerating the gentleman implicated. Instead of being abducted and imprisoned in a dark room against her will, it is now said that the young woman was in reality confined in the house of a physician of that city, in giving birth to an illegitimate child. The Whig adds:

"The case is undergoing further investigation, and so soon as we can collect all the facts, we shall lay them before our readers. So far as we have heard, however, it places the conduct of the Doctor at whose house the woman was confined, in a predicament by no means enviable. It is alleged that he was present when the individuals suspected of the abduction were arraigned before the Mayor, and committed to prison—that he witnessed the great excitement of the multitude against them, and though all the while having a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances of the case, and knowing the suspected persons to be innocent, yet he stood calmly by and permitted them to suffer the great injustice and indignities that were heaped upon them.

We think that this case will teach the people of Cincinnati, at least, one salutary lesson, to wit: the want impropriety of mobs under all circumstances. Had the passions of the mobbing part of the community not have been restrained by the efforts of the Mayor and other good citizens, several respectable individuals, innocent altogether of the alleged crime, would have fallen victims to the fury of the unjust code of Judge Lynch!"

Buffalo Banks.—The Albany Evening Journal of Saturday makes the following pungent comments upon the article of the Argus, announcing that the Buffalo banks have been stopped by injunctions.—

The public has the assurance of the Argus, that the banks are solvent, and that neither the public nor the safety fund can sustain any loss by them. Why solvent banks have been closed, or what is the nature of the alleged violations of charter, remains a matter of conjecture. On a question of such general interest, the people will naturally expect something more than an Argus editorial, but this is all the powers that be has thought proper to furnish. The Buffalo banks, in the good old Clay era, have been put into the court of chancery.

If, as the Argus affirms, these banks are solvent, and there is no danger of loss either to the public or safety fund, a most unpropitious season has been selected for shutting their doors! But this entire bank question, in all its ramifications, belongs to the Regency. They, of course, manage them in their own way.

This appalling condition of things forces the mind back to the perils which a corrupt party has inflicted upon the devoted city of Buffalo. Three years ago the citizens of Buffalo possessed, in the United States Branch Bank, an institution which fostered, cherished, sustained and fortified all their interests. The Branch Bank furnished them with a sound, uniform, healthy currency. Their facilities were abundant. Their resources were ample, and their reliance sure. All was in a high and palmy state of prosperity.—Business men received what money they required at the rate of six per cent. Enter the Regency! The U. S. Bank acted at the same time as a REGULATOR, repressing the spirit of speculation, and restraining the over-issues of the other banks.

But these days of prosperity are gone. The U. S. Bank has been announced as a Monster" and driven from Buffalo. Two Safety-Fund Banks were chartered to furnish the citizens of Buffalo with" A BETTER CURRENCY." These banks were placed in the hands of political favorites. They were chartered on strict party grounds—the stock distributed party-wise—and the Banks organized as political engines. The result is what might have been expected. The doors of the banks have been closed; and the cry is, that they are unsound and broken!—Such are the fruits of political legislation!—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

HOW TO RAISE A STOCK OF GOODS.

Really, our friend Lamb, of elastic stock memory, ought to be styled the *Prince of Puffers*. It is but a short time since we recorded an account of his detection of the celebrated "John Jones"—who, through his sagacity, was compelled to wind up his concerns, and take leave of his friends in Philadelphia—but another interesting circumstance which may be attached to his memoirs in after times.

On Thursday while he was writing in his store a fashionably dressed, and thinking that she was not observed, a young lady took a pocket book from the paper and another on the counter, managed to conceal under her cloak a couple of dozen of superior stocks. This *legerdemain* appeared to Mr. Lamb far inferior to Mons. Adman's, and immediately he commenced a tirade upon the hardening the lady of her speculation in *stocks*, when the lady turned suddenly to the counter, and taking a pair stock asked him what he asked for it! "What do you ask for those under your cloak, madam?" said the Prince, in allusion to the word, he opened her cloak, when presto! down fell the stocks with several pair of shoes, two eggs, and a pair of shovel and tongs! The lady attempted to bolt, but could not be let. A transaction of this kind with some other celebrity were and other articles was a little more successful—he fled, leaving the crockery and the lady to their fate. An officer happening to pop in at the time, the fair customer was committed to his charge.—*Baltimore Transcript.*

THOMAS TIBBETTS.

This extraordinary individual who was hung in N. Orleans, was born, we believe, in that state. However, be that as it may, he has spent the best (or rather worst) part of his life in it. At the age of 16 he left home as a drummer boy in the army, and was stationed with his step-father, (a corporal,) in Louisiana. Having been beaten, as he says, very severely by his stepfather, in a fit of revenge, he seized a musket and laid him dead on the spot. For this offence he was tried and sentenced to be imprisoned twenty-one years; the sentence of death being thus commuted on account of his extreme youth. After remaining in prison for the space of eleven years, he was pardoned out by Governor Wm. White. He arrived in that city just at the time that the Louisiana volunteers were about to embark for Texas; and having enlisted under Col. Bowie, he accompanied him to Texas. After serving there four or five months, he returned to N. Orleans, and almost immediately went up the river, he returned however, in a fortnight after, and had not been in the city three days, ere he committed the crime for which he forfeited his life.

A few days previous to his execution he was visited in prison by the Mayor, Denis Prieur, who asked him how he felt.

"As well as a man in my situation can feel, said he. "Had I not been holding up to that now, Eleven long years of my life have I passed in a miserable cell chained thus like a galley slave, disgraced and deserted by all and every thing that could render life dear to me. What sweetness I received from life, was a life, for such, a person as I am? No, sir, seeing Mr. Prieur was about to speak,) as a boy, it is true, I was headstrong and wayward, but not naturally vicious. It is true that I united those who hated me, but I also had those who were kind to me. But this I take no credit for; I but obeyed therein the instinct of nature. But upon one occasion, for mingling in a damnable propensity, that caused this sleepless cell that now so painfully surrounds me, I was arrested, tried, I was imprisoned, and led to believe, that if I behaved well I should be released in a year or two, but year after year rolled on, and still I was a wretched prisoner, the bright morning of my life was clouded, and the sunshine of liberty, no release came, my heart sunk within me, my hopes were blighted, and with my hopes fled my youth. I then gave loose to the worst passions of my nature, and joined my miserable companions in their worst purposes. Finally my prison doors were unlatched—I was pardoned—I entered that prison not a depraved boy—I left it a desperate man. I came to this city and joined the volunteers for Florida—before sailing I was arrested as a suspicious character, but being released, went with I colonel Bowie,—returned to this city, and—the rest you know."

Mr. Prieur then intoned that the vice which led him astray was drinking.

"Nought, said he fiercely; "gambling! damnable gambling! for that was I beaten by the man whom, in revenge, I killed. I deserve to die, but not for the offence for which I now stand committed. I deserve to die, however, for the crime for which I suffer death.

He was questioned on this head, but absolutely refused to reveal a syllable. Mr. Prieur, who is, by the by, a practical phrenologist, then proceeded to examine his head, to ascertain if the organs of firmness and conscientiousness were not strongly developed, and finding such to be the case, he spoke of it. The prisoner said nothing in reply to him on that head then, but he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following:—

"MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

"GIVE DENNIS PRIEUR MY HEAD.

"TOM TIBBETTS."

Governor De Lemos has issued a decree, dated February 13th, closing all communication between the Argentine Republic and those of Peru and Bolivia. Persons violating the order, to be punished as traitors. The reasons assigned are the violent overthrow of the constitutions of Peru and Bolivia by Santa Cruz, the perfidious aggressions upon the territory of Chili and the Argentine Republic, and the hostile preparations evidently made against the latter.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Fire.—The alarm of fire on Monday evening, about 8 o'clock, was caused by the partial burning of a building in Reader's alley, in the Northern Liberties. Our informant states that there was not any material damage done.

Accident.—Wednesday evening, about eight o'clock, as a fire engine was being drawn rapidly down Third street, one of the wheels became entangled with a wagon standing near Market street, and a valuable horse was thrown on the pavement with such violence by the shock, that it died in a few minutes.

Death by Poison.—The Coroner held an inquest on Tuesday afternoon on the body of James Thompson, Jr. a resident of Indiana county, Pa. who accidentally poisoned himself by taking a large quantity of arsenic in mistake for cream of tartar. The body was opened and examined by Drs. Lukens, Rhodes and Pancock. Verdict accordingly.

Specie.—Upwards of $200,000 in gold and silver arrived at this port on Tuesday last, from Valparaiso. About $75,000 arrived in specie from other places, and other arrivals and of large amounts, are daily expected.—*Inq.*

The Honourable John Quincy Adams arrived in the city on Wednesday, from the South.

Fatal Accident.—On Saturday afternoon, a lad in jumping from one of the cars of the train of the Philadelphia and Germantown rail road, was instantly killed—the cars passing over his neck and severing the head from the body. We understand that he was the apprentice of a tallow chandler, but could not learn his name.—*American Sentinel.*

Two Lives Lost.—A sail boat was struck by a squall, on Sunday morning last, in the neighbourhood of Gloucester Point, and capsized. There were four persons on board at the time, two of whom, brothers of the name of Rubicam, and the sons of a confectioner in Third street, below Race, were drowned.

The Trenton State Gazette says, it is reported and we believe, truly, that the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company have leased their canal and feeder to the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, for fifteen years for a yearly rent of $90,000.

We learn from Washington, that the government has directed some million or two of the specie at the West, to be *carted* back to the seaboard. We trust they will "skip up the trains," for it can do no good unless it comes soon.—*N. Y. Comm.*

From Havana.—The ship Norna, 10 days from Havana, brings one hundred and ten thousand dollars in specie. Private letters received by her makes no mention of the failures mentioned by the Courier.—*ib.*

Arrival of Seminoles at New Orleans.—Seventeen of this stubborn brave race have reached New Orleans from Tampico on their way to the west.

Col. R. M. Johnson, Vice President of the United States, arrived at New Orleans, April 13th, and is staying at Colonel Christy's.

Veal is selling at Georgetown, D. C. for 18 cents a pound!

The amount of mechanical and manufacturing business in Cincinnati is estimated at 12,885,200 dollars.

General Felix Houston has reached New Orleans from Natchez on his return to the Texian army.

Not less than *ten infant* bodies, some dead, and the rest we presume left to die, have been found at Cincinnati within the last three months.

James Trumbull has been sentenced to two years in the Kentucky Penitentiary for manslaughter, in the case of the affray at Lexington some months since, which terminated in the death of samuel Logan.

The Rochester Democrat says that the banks have granted relief to the forwarders in the shape of discounts for sixty days. In consequence of which, the fleet of boats that were tied up in their docks have all taken their departure.

The transportation from the east during the present season, according to the Wheeling Times, is 100 per cent, over preceding years.

Both branches of the New York Legislature have determined to adjourn on the 10th inst.

The disputed boundary line between the States of Tennessee and Missouri, is in a fair way of being adjusted. Commissioners are appointed respectively by both states to meet in this month or June.

It is fashionable now with the New York belles to parade Broadway in calico gowns.

Cat may dong.—In Turkey it is necessary to obtain permission from a magistrate before one can have a tooth drawn.

Democracy.—The Greenlanders have no mode of salutation, but laugh at the idea of any one person being superior to another.

The New York Evening Post states that bonds to the amount of $430,000 were paid last week at the Custom House in that city.

The general banking business has been lost in the Senate of New York, by striking out the enacting clause by a vote of 15 to 10.

Capt. Marryat.—This accomplished and humorous writer, arrived on Wednesday in the packet ship Quebec.

A new city is to be laid out on the Mississippi by Major McLemore and others, below Fort Memphis. A railroad of two and a half miles is to connect with the Lagrange and Memphis Railroad.

Slave ship Captured.—The British brig of war Wanderer, arrived at Nassau, (N. P.) on the 13th ult. captured on her passage from Jamaica, and brought into Nassau, Bahama, a large schooner, a Portuguese Guineaman, with upward of four hundred Africans on board.

Superb Cut Glass.—Nothing in the cut glass line can be more rich and beautiful than Baggott's. His patterns are various and tasteful—the edges are sharp and bright as crystal—and prices adapted to the times.

The President of the Bank of the Mississippi and Alabama Railroad Company, writes to bill holders in New York that the bank is safe, and will do justice to all.

Rapid Travelling.—A few days ago, the steamboat Gen. Hunter, ran from Mobile to Montgomery and back again, a distance of 900 miles, in three days and a half.

The Forked Deer River, western district of Tennessee, was navigable for the first time with steam a few days since. The steamer Eagle entered the river from the Mississippi, about sixty miles, in 10 hours, and at an ordinary stage of the water.

A schooner was upset between Newcastle and Delaware city, in the heavy and sudden squall on Saturday afternoon. It is not known whether she was lightly or heavily laden, neither has it transpired what number of hands were on board at the time.

In the Name of the Commonwealth.—We learn from a Carlisle (Pa.) paper, that no less than seven persons have offered themselves as candidates for the sheriffalty of Cumberland county, at the election which takes place in October next!

Music Grotto.—There is a musical association of young men at Nashville, called the *Social Band*, who perform music gratuitously at public celebrations. A complete set of brass instruments, to cost about $300, is to be presented to them by the citizens.

Defence of Santa Anna.—This immensely long document occupies an entire number of the Diario del Gobierno, and is generally considered an adjustment attempt to explain away the affair of San Jacinto.

Duel.—Two men killed a few days since on the Bayshore, opposite Norfolk, weighing four hundred and forty-five pounds. The fight was fair and fat, and as he had numbered but few summers, it was said as a delicacy, and brought over one hundred dollars. Think of that "ye patrons of Kentucky!" a hundred dollars for a Boat, exclusive of the skin.—*Florida Times.*

The Indian War Not Ended.—An express had arrived at Charleston from Gen. Jesup, bringing intelligence that the Indians had resumed hostilities. Oceola has proved too crafty for Jesup.

Firstlord Schooner.—The Noticias and Lucero of Havana, April 25th, says, notice had been received of a piratical schooner cruising off St. Domingo, in consequence of which the Governor of Cuba had ordered a brig to cruise in that direction.

Awful Accident.—A gentleman who resides on Cooper River got his foot entangled in the coil of a rope while the steamer Camden was getting under way from Charleston for camp meeting, and had it entirely severed at the ankle.

Lake Erie was open at the port of Erie April 22d, and boats were arriving and departing constantly, but the ice was yet in sight. The ice has been forced down by the winds to the American side in the vicinity of Buffalo.

The Charleston Mercury positively denies the statement of a correspondent in one paper, that the discreet is so great in that city that much private jewelry and plate has been pawned.—Also that it is untrue that the first houses have gone by the board. We rejoice to be undeceived in this matter.—*Star.*

A young lady in Vermont, having by accident spilt a few drops of patent hair oil on her cheek before going to bed, awoke in the morning with whiskers several inches long. "What'll you lay it is a

SON'S SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, May 13, 1837.

Mr. Langdon, our worthy agent for Mobile, has resigned his duties. Messrs. Cohen have been appointed his successors in the vicinity of Cincinnati. We are informed that in consequence of disorders in the currency, and the hard times, all subscriptions MUST be paid in advance, or at any rate within the year, to the terms. If they do not continue the cause of the discontinuance of the papers. We require our just dues.

Miscarriage of the Mail.—One of our Bethlehem, Ct. is informed that the publication of in the receipt of the S. E. Post is the fault of the office. The packet was delivered in the post office every week long before the day of publication, and they are beyond our control.

A CURIOSITY.

Lately there was $5 bill of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank of New York, with the following curious call, handsomely printed on the back:—The typography would indicate the endorsement was pretty extensive.

"Counterfeits Legalized Counterfeiting.
Counterfeit, the ghost of cash—
Like lightning in a dollar!
Like a bad dash,
Its promises are hollow!
Beat it as you art counting,
Good guard, target cut!
Conditions may be weaker,
Or clear thyself!

Come!—Would you reduce the prices of Food and Fuel?—Demand SPECIE for The Bill!

Only carrying out "Jackson principles to the extent—and if the advice is generally followed, will infallibly reduce the price of Provisions, when paid for with specie, because it will disappear, and not be obtained, except at a heavy premium in exchange for paper by late proceedings in New York the public is disposed to try the capacity of the banks, which of course are endeavoring themselves with a sufficiency of specie to withstand the strong great evil, as now conducted, generally admitted: but the evils are removed at once—and the time of year is not the proper time to make a run on them—for the banking system is so incorporated in our system, that the ruin and destruction would follow the breaking up of the paper currency, and so *ignorantly* and *perversely* the country, "Pelion upon Ossa—" the "balance wheel" of the machine so beautifully regulated the money of the country for many years.

THE TIMES.

In other parts of this paper, it will be seen that the excitement of the community to commercial affairs, continues the refusal of the President to recall the Circular, or to adopt any measure relief of the merchants, has not repressed the panic, for the result of which, was generally foreseen. We hear much of party feeling was mingled in the proceedings of the New York meetings, but there is reason to believe that many of those in favour of the present administration, proposed to consider the circular as unprofitable at the present time, and generally denounced on the part of the opposition.

If a union of both parties can be effected in the proposed meeting in this city, there is a greater probability of success in appealing to the government.

More than upon two of the New York merchants first symptom of the general failure, that has yet been manifested, the world, however, inspire confidence in the banks of our sister city have laid down measures of jealous animosity, and clearly mark the conduct of these institutions in more prosperous times, and have vied with each other to the utmost of their power.

The fate of the citizens of Philadelphia, and their own institutions, cannot be long. The recent half yearly dividends volumes in praise of the prudence of those having the control of our institutions, and of their ability to meet their duts. The only regular demands for notes, are made by farmers and people residing in the interior of the state, by a comparatively small number, from circulation. This number, if ultimately persisted in, will have a serious effect, by causing a curtailment of accommodations to dealers in money, and a consequent fall in prices. The market in this city for this article, is a larger amount of business there than in any other of the Union. There has moreover been a reduction in prices. The next article to be looked for, with anxiety.

[illegible] of the American Journal of Medical Sciences has been issued by Messrs. Carey and Lea, and from an attentive perusal we are led to stating that it will maintain the reputation this periodical has hitherto had. It is unquestionably the best work of the kind on our side of the Atlantic, and we are gratified at learning that it meets with very encouragement.

On the contents, we may observe, that under the head of Moral Insanity the reader will find a narrative of a case—while the experienced practitioner will be pleased in perusing the able review in the article on Tetanus, in another No. Many of the remaining articles are characterised by great ability and the selections are judicious and apposite.

Manual of Classical Literature. This work is of great value—and that it is fully appreciated by the public, is evident from the circumstance of its re-publication having been called for in the short period of six months. The work is in one, is a circular form, of the size of a dime, and the surface, would form a horse power, and the price is would be sufficient to cover the largest size across the trials required to cover for such a sheets of copper, mineral acid, native power is safe and managing of any shock or chinery might be hastily announce incalculably in to a more scientific—*New Eng.*

[illegible] understand, (says the corespondent of Mr. Madison which was exclusive of other sufficient to equal size with Three volumes of one; are really ancients, described. Three legislative and the former prefacture before, and announcement of the of his service in can views of the running through The subjects of the political economy, and miscellaneous

at Detroit, Mich. was very destructive effects, upwards of seventy-five have been consumed, together with a of personal property, consisting and provisions of various kinds. rated at $130,000, of which a small amount was insured.

BANKING.

We make no apology for so frequently occupying the attention of our readers with this subject. At the present time it is one of vital importance to the community, and the facts concerning it, that are every day becoming more fully developed, have never before been exposed so freely to the public gaze, and deserve recording, both for the sake of diffusing information respecting the present and serving as a subject of reference for future periods.

There are but three causes adduced by the sensible and well informed of all classes and parties, respecting the pressure for money, that has affected to so great an extent, the business transactions of the inhabitants of the United States—these are Overtrading, an erroneous Banking System, and the measures of the administration, in regard to the Currency. Reverse the order in which we have placed them, and a careful examination will show that the evils we complain of will naturally flow from the cause, that will then stand first. To the measures of the government we owe the enormous increase of banking capital, of which overtrading is the natural and sure result. This last is the more immediate and palpable cause of the present distress, and it is the only reason assigned by those who lack the comprehension or the will, to trace it to its origin. To find the remedy for a disease, it is necessary to know its first cause as well as its effects.

Abstract a quantity of water from a large body of it, and a greater quantity than is required will violently rush to fill the vacant space. The surplus quantity will recoil when the space is filled, and throw the whole body of water into agitation. This natural simile will exemplify the effect that was produced throughout the country when the Bank of the United States ceased to exist. To supply its place the Legislature of the several states created new banks, and extended the capital of those already in existence. The void in the currency was filled, but the wisdom of State Legislation, had decided that it should be more than filled—that banking facilities should be increased to prevent the slightest danger of diminution,—and the work of chartering, re-chartering, and extending capital went on. What was the result? The surplus capital thus created, could not be suffered to lie idle—it was too great to be absorbed in the regular course of trade, and in consequence it was loaned out to speculators, brokers, and in short to any one that would take it. This period must be fresh in the memory of every merchant, and remembered with bitter regret, when his notes were actually *solicited* by Bank Directors as a favour, that they might be discounted. It was these unlimited facilities that induced those who had hitherto been pursuing a prudent and safe business, to embark into the vortex of speculation, secure, even if they did become involved, that their credit and facilities at the Bank would help them out. This was a time of commercial prosperity. Every article of commerce and of produce, rose in price—Real Estate, Stocks, and even the common necessaries of life commanded treble their real value.

But the state of things did not endure long.—Heavy losses were sustained by the moneyed institutions, and a regular contraction of their discounts took place. Those who had become involved in speculation, immediately felt the change, and many wisely accommodated their business to its results, by a similar contraction. This was the commencement of the *recoil.*—Others still kept on in the hope that "better times" were yet in prospect. Such was the state of affairs when the Specie Circular was issued, the immediate effect of which was to transfer large amounts of coin from the great cities into the west. The Directors of the Banks were again obliged to curtail their circulation, in order to bring it within the support of its diminished basis. A further contraction of discounts took place in proportion to the amount of specie that was abstracted from their vaults, by order of the government. Those engaged in trade, now found it difficult to obtain discounts, on the most approved business notes, and their business suffered from the withdrawal of the ordinary facilities. Still at this time there was no want of confidence in their credit and stability—but the banks *dared not* extend their circulation, while its basis was rapidly leaving them, and the result was that money became scarce.

We need go no further in this detail, our relate the various struggles, and heavy sacrifices that have been submitted to by merchants, in order to preserve their credit. Our object was to show that the present evil issues cannot be charged to overtrading, for that was the inevitable result of the expansion of bank facilities. Nor are the Directors of Banks liable (except in some few instances,) to any other charge than imprudence, for the expansion of discounts was the natural effect of the large capital, which they were desirous of investing to the best advantage for themselves and their stockholders. The state governments are only liable to the same charge, for creating a greater number of banks than was required to fill the void occasioned by the loss of the National Institution.—But they acted without concert, and in consequence done too much. The blame must lie at the door of those who destroyed the United States Bank. It was this that made the States create more banks than were required, and obliged the Directors of these institutions to encourage speculation and overtrading to employ their capital. It was the government order that withdrew the basis of that capital, and caused a contraction of discounts and circulation, the effect of which has been to plunge the country into a state of ruinous embarrassment, and to create the present "HARD TIMES!"

We have now come to the crisis. The banks of this city, New York, and Baltimore, have suspended specie payment. That this was the best possible movement that could have been made in the present state of affairs, there is no doubt. All that is now required, is confidence in the solvency of these institutions. The regular course of business will not experience any material check, for the country is too rich, both in wealth and resources, to yield to the present shock. We refer the reader to another column for more detailed information.

THE CONVENTION AT HARRISBURG.

The proceedings of the Convention for amending the Constitution, so far as reported in the Harrisburg papers, do not possess the interest that will unquestionably appertain to them at a later date. The choice of officers, clerks and printers, together with the arrangement of the necessary forms and rules for the government of the members in debate, have occupied much time, and figure largely in the reports of proceedings. As soon as these affairs, which are comparatively trifling, have been settled, the more important questions which they have met to determine, will come under consideration.—We will endeavour to present to our readers a weekly abstract of the proceedings on these subjects.

The most important movement yet made, was in the proposition to submit the different articles of the Constitution to separate standing committees, in place of having it acted upon by the whole body of the Convention. This motion was carried after a long and tedious debate.

PROTEST AND EXECUTION.

The Mexican Government has protested against the recognition of the independence of Texas, by the United States. This however is a mere form, as it would be unable to carry any measures of hostility into execution.

The cashier of the Farmers Bank of Chattahoochie, which suspended payment a few weeks since, has published a card to the creditors of the institution, stating that the bills will be redeemed in a short time, the Bank having debts due unto it to more than treble the amount necessary for the redemption of its notes.

Under the general Banking law passed at the last session of the Virginia Legislature, the North Western Bank of that place has increased its capital to the amount of $600,000.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE S. E. POST.

SPAIN.

Extract from the Journal of an Officer of the U. S. Navy, dated

PORT MAHON, JUNE 19th, 1836.

In my view of Gibraltar, I neglected noticing one of the most conspicuous portions of the adjacent scenery; "The Queen's Chair." It is a spot situated upon an eminence on the coast of Spain, overlooking the Rock, and is the subject of observation from the history attached to it. When the Spaniards had possession of Gibraltar, and the English had prepared their attack for its conquest, the Queen of Spain, repaired to the coast, and from the eminence alluded to, anticipated the defeat of the assailants—the glorious victory of the besieged. But fate had ordained otherwise, and the mutability of human anticipations was fully exemplified in this mortified Queen, who returned to her throne the sad witness of her own blasted hopes, and the triumphal entry of her enemies into the boasted impregnable fortress.

On the 5th having made all necessary preparations, got under way, and beat out of the harbour, and after a pleasant run of six days brought the Island of Minorca in view ahead. Ranged cables, got the anchors off the bows, &c. and at 4 P. M. came to anchor in 4½ fathoms of water, in the harbour of Mahon, within 30 yards of the shore, hand-locked on either side, and consequently in a safe and agreeable position.

The streets of Mahon are very cleanly in appearance, and, was not the effect counterbalanced by the filthy and degraded state of the majority of its population, might probably elicit the more favorable notice of its visitants. The fact is, it is composed of an incongruous mass, speaking no definite language, claiming none as their mother country, and who with the exception of their jargon composed of English, Dutch, Spanish and French, bear but little affinity to human nature—and still it is selected as our naval depot, and a return to its loathsomeness, a matter of gratulation among the officers and seamen of our ship on that station. Why is the latter fact the case? The reason is manifest;—The harbour of Mahon has been selected as suitable for "wintering" by some of our commanders, who, it is reasonable to infer had their own views for the choice; but that which strikes me as most plausible is, a desire to throw the proceeds of the ships' payments into this sink of vulgarity—not with a view of benefitting the service,—but of gratifying *personal* propensities, to the great detriment of the morals of the younger officers, and the deprivation of that knowledge and gratification so easy of access in the more enlightened cities on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Little of interest can be said of Mahon. On entering the harbour, it has the appearance of having been once, a well fortified and powerful place; but the dilapidated state of its fortifications, and deserted, desolate appearance of its shores, prove that it is far from having been improved, since it passed from the hands of its former possessors. The English, however, I have understood, destroyed all the most important works, upon delivering it up to the Spanish government, from whom it was taken, I think, during the reign of Geo. II. Shortly after entering the mouth of the harbour, the village of George Town, is seen on the left, of which I know nothing; as the declaration of the author of "Naval Sketches," says that it "is noted for nothing but the profligacy of its inhabitants," subdued all interest relative to it. Our arrival was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of Mahon, as a vessel from the United States is the sure prelude to plenty of work for those, who at other times can scarcely obtain enough, to enable them to enjoy the common necessaries of life. We were immediately surrounded, (though late at night) by a numerous concourse of tailors, shoemakers and butchers, well freighted with recommendations from the officers of other ships, and no doubt, promising to themselves, a rich and abundant harvest. I visited the town next day, in company with other of our officers, and upon landing, was immediately assailed by an immense number of beggars, of all descriptions, ages, sexes and conditions. The younger, in whining accents, exclaiming, "me no father, no mother,—give me a penny to buy bread!"—while the elder, emaciated by want and disease, bestowing upon us a profusion of melancholy and dejected looks—seemed to rely upon their age and infirmities, as the best means of producing our commiseration and assistance. And so it did—For who could look upon age, suffering in that condition, and not be brought to the reflection, that he himself, had parents, and that a reversion of fortune, or the will of Providence might reduce *them* to a situation but little more enviable than that, in which he has just seen the parents of others. At first, we gave readily and freely; but finding our purses, (I speak in the plural, although I can only answer for myself,) not long enough for their continued demands, which, as we gave, grew more importunate and repeated, we were at length obliged to refuse, and before we left there, were suffered to pass almost unmolested.

NAVAL.

The remarks of our foreign correspondent, on the impropriety of making Port Mahon in Spain, a winter harbour for the vessels of the United States Navy in the Mediterranean, though severe, we are assured are well merited. The profligacy that is developed in the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this town, is well known to every European traveller, and the effect, that it must necessarily have upon the morals of the junior officers of our navy, by their constant introduction into scenes of vice and dissipation, is so lamentable, as we are assured, it is apparent. This is a matter of public interest, for those to whom the future defence of our country will in time, be intrusted, should not be subjected to the influence of contamination, but in every instance prevented from familiarizing themselves with any form or aspect of vice,—instead of being obliged to remain in close contact with it, as in the instance alluded to by our correspondent.

Commodore Rodgers has resigned his situation as President of the Board of Navy Commissioners. It is rumored that Commodore Elliot now absent on a cruise, will be offered his place by the President.

That was a bold reply made by Le Comte d'Harcourt, to the commander of the French army, who asked him if his regiment could force the entry of a certain fortress. "Can the rays of the sun enter it?" "Certainly." "Then the bayonets of my regiment can follow!"

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, states that a large body of Mexican troops, under the command of General Bravo, are in full march for Texas. Their force is between eight and nine thousand. We do not know what reliance to place upon this statement, inasmuch as it completely contradicts all previous accounts from that quarter.

Later intelligence, confirms the election of Bustamente to the Presidency, but makes no allusion to the above report. The inauguration was to take place on the 9th of April. The star of Santa Anna has set.

A society in Boston has erected a boarding house for mariners, under the superintendence of a committee, at the head of which is the Rev. Dr. Taylor, a clergyman highly popular with the sailors. The funds were contributed by the citizens of Boston.

CHARLESTON, May 3.—*The Murder Case.*—The grand jury yesterday found a true bill against the three Spanish seamen of the schooner Moro, mentioned in Monday's Courier, for the murder of David Johnson. The grand jury, at the same time, reported to the court that most of the witnesses they had examined, implicated Antonio Martino, the captain of the Spanish vessel, in the murder, and they therefore presented him for indictment for the same offence. Captain Martino, being in attendance on the court, under recognizance as a witness for the prosecution, was forthwith ordered into custody by the court, and committed to gaol. An indictment will doubtless be preferred against him.—*Courier.*

Is a Free or Despotic Government most conducive to Human Happiness.

A few years ago, this would have been thought a most absurd, as well as a trifling question. It would have been deemed an insult to the common understanding of every man born in Great Britain or America, to suppose this question susceptible of doubt or controversy. A revolution has certainly been effected in many minds, with regard to this question, within the last sixty years. Many of those, who once considered the superiority of political freedom as a point altogether beyond dispute, and as supported, not only by intuitive self-evident truth, but by the long and uniform attestation of experience, have since gone over to the opposite opinion.—Many have found their convictions shaken, and if they have not abjured their ancient creed, begin, at least, to perceive that the truth of it is not quite as clear as they once imagined.

The cause, in a great measure, of this revolution in human opinions may well be divined by taking a cursory glance at the situation of affairs in France for the last fifty years—the horrors and disasters of the last revolution in that country. The scenes of this revolution took place, as it were, under our own eyes, and our sympathy was irresistibly affected. The story being familarly known to us, in all its circumstances and details, the imagination, if we may so speak, was filled with this single object, and grief and detestation excluded or supplanted every other sentiment. It is true, that similar horrors and disasters have taken place in the Greek republics, and in the ancient and modern states of Italy; but we are little affected by what is distant, and a summary narrative takes no hold of the imagination. Athens, Rome and Florence, were the scenes of commotion and bloodshed quite as dreadful, and, in proportion to their population and territory, quite as extensive as that of France. But the eulogists of civil liberty seldom allowed these parts of the picture to engage their attention. They fixed their thoughts upon individual cases of military heroism, patriotic magnanimity, or intellectual vigor, and these being, as they conceived, the genial products of civil liberty, they admitted no side views of impertinent retrospects to damp their admiration. Now, however, it is not uncommon to perceive a resemblance between the history of the old and new republics. The fruits of ancient liberty, in genius and heroism, begin to dwindle into nothing in our eyes, while the tales of massacre, confiscation, and exile are listened to with new deference and new emotions.

Men are destined to play in human life for manifold stakes of unequal importance. The merchant plays for profit, and hazards his property. The warrior plays for victory or conquest, and hazards his life. Every one who seeks fortune, preferment, or honour, hangs in suspense between the opposite events of success or disappointment. What was staked among the ancients, in their national quarrels, was of greater importance than is risked at war, by the officer or soldier, in any modern nations.—When captives were retained in servitude, or sent to the market for slaves, the soldier exposed not only his life but his personal freedom.—The violation of humanity was enforced by the Romans in all their wars, and by the Greeks put in practice in their contests, not only with barbarian nations, but even with one another.—During the Peloponnesian war, and for many years after it, the republics of Greece were, at home, almost always distracted by furious factions, and abroad involved in sanguinary wars, in which each sought not merely superiority of dominion, but either to completely extirpate all its enemies, or what was not less cruel, to reduce them into the vilest of all states, that of domestic slavery; and to sell them, man, woman, and child, like so many herd of cattle, to the highest bidder in the market.

From this account of the Greeks, some are disposed to infer, they were a wretched people, but we question the truth of the inference. The *fortunes* of men do not always decide their *feelings.* Cervantes wrote his adventures of Don Quixotte in a prison, and, from so vigorous an exercise of all his faculties in that situation, we have reason to conclude that a person may not be wretched though in prison. The human mind gave similar proofs of felicity nowhere more conspicuous than in Greece. And if human life be compared to a game, it was played among ancient nations, and the Greeks in particular, on a stake no less indeed than that of freedom as well as life. But their example should lead us to think that the spirits of men are not greatly damped by the risks which they are made to run in the service of their country. The first citizens in every Grecian state, with this prospect of contingent slavery before them, took their post with alacrity in the armies that were formed for the defence or advancement of their country, and in no quarter of the world was the military character held in higher esteem.—These nations, at the same time, in other respects, show marks of felicity above what has rarely ever been displayed in any other quarter of the world or age of mankind. In their very language there is evidence of genius or intellectual ability, superior to that of other nations. The order and form of their expression kept pace with the order and discrimination of subjects to be expressed, with all the possible varieties of relation, and with all the subtleties of thought and sentiment beyond what is exemplified in any other known instance. They led the way also in all the forms of literary composition or discourse, under which the human genius is displayed. Their poets, historians, orators, and moralists, preceded those of other nations, and remain unequalled by a majority of those that came after them. Their sculptors, painters, and architects, excelled those of every other nation; and the same genius which rose towards every object, in which excellence or beauty could be required or exhibited, gave also the most masterly examples of civil, political, or military virtues; and, in the whole, gave the most irrefragable evidence of minds no way sunk by the sense of oppression, or the gloomy prospect of hazard impending from the loss of liberty, or the fear of slavery, to which they were exposed. The ease and alacrity with which they moved on the highest steps of the political, the moral, and intellectual scale, abundantly showed how much they enjoyed that life and freedom of which they were so worthy, and which they so freely risked in the service of their country. And if the hazard of blessings which they staked in every public contest had at all any effect on their minds, their example may serve to prove that men are not unhappy in proportion to the stake for which they contend; or, perhaps, what is verified in the case of other players as well as in theirs, that persons who are used to a high stake cannot condescend to play for a lower; or that he who is accustomed to contend for his freedom or his life can scarcely find scope for his genius in matters of less moment.

We estimate the felicity of ages and nations by the seeming tranquility and peace they enjoy, and believe them to be wretched under the agitations and troubles which sometimes attend the possession of liberty itself. The forms of legislature, which imply numerous assemblies, whether collective or representative, have been often censured as exposing men to all the inconveniences of faction or party division; but, if those inconveniences are to be dreaded, they nevertheless may be fairly hazarded, for the sake of the end to be obtained in free governments—the safety of the people—and the scope which is given to all the noble faculties of the human mind.

If we mistake not the interests of human nature, they consist more in the exercise of freedom, and in the indulgence of a liberal and beneficent temper, than in the possession of tigers tranquility, or what is termed exemption from trouble. The trials of ability which men mutually afford to one another in the collisions of free society, are the lessons of a school which PROVIDENCE has opened for mankind, and are well known to forward instead of impeding their progress in any valuable art, whether commercial or elegant.

In their social capacity, the most important objects of attention, and the most improving exercises of ability, are enjoyed by the members of a free country: forms of government may be estimated, not poly by the actual wisdom or goodness of their administration, but likewise by the numbers who are made to participate in the service or government of their country, and by the diffusion of political deliberation and function to the greatest extent that is consistent with the wisdom of its administration.

While those who would engross every power to themselves may gravely tell us, that the public good consists in having matters ordered in the manner they conceive to be right, we may venture to reply, that it consists still more in having proper members admitted to a share in the councils of their nation; that though the proverb, in some cases, should fail, and safety should be wanting in multitude of counsellors, yet the multitude of council is in itself a greater public advantage than the talents of any single person, however great, can otherwise procure for his country. Single men may choose a measure or conduct a service better than might be obtained in any concourse of members; but members do more in a succession of ages than any single man could do; and human nature is more interested in having nations formed to the character of manhood and public virtue, than it is in any particular measure of conduct, or the most successful attainment of any particular object.

ARCH ST. THEATRE.

We extend the notice of the performances of last week in order to comprise the representation of the "Hunchback," played on Friday week for the benefit of Mr. Wood. A large audience was in attendance, though owing probably to the warmth of the evening, the house was not filled.

The Julia of Miss Ellen Tree elicited the applause of the audience throughout but more especially in the latter part of her performance, when the interest of the plot is more effectually exhibited. Her chief *forte* as we have before observed lays in the representation of tragic or pathetic scenes. In the difficult part of Master Walter, we think that Mr. Wood was not very successful. His great knowledge of stage effect was however amply sufficient to ensure the attention of the audience. Hamilton as Sir Thomas Clifford, sustained the character with great ability. His occasional faults result incit frequently from carelessness, and inattention.—Lindsay as Modus, showed great improvement.

The Mustache of Mr. Wood in the melo-drama of "Henri Quatre" was an admirable performance. The song by Mrs. Rowbotham in the 3d act, was happily executed, though at its close the exhaustion of the actress was too apparent.

Power has been playing during the week at this Theatre. He draws good houses; it being his farewell engagement. The Comedy of the Rivals was performed on Wednesday evening. Power in the part of Sir Lucius was unusually droll. Messrs. Faulkner & Thayer merited approbation in their respective parts. The rest of the performers are undeserving of notice, with the exception of Mrs. Rowbotham's Lydia Languish.

NEW YORK COMMITTEE.

The reply of the President, to the address of the committee of the New York merchants was read to a large meeting of the citizens on Monday evening. Sundry resolutions expressive of their disapproval of its contents were passed. The following is the reply.

WASHINGTON, MAY 4, 1837.

I have bestowed on your communication the attentive consideration which is due to the opinions, wishes, and interests of that respectable portion of my fellow citizens in whose behalf you act.

In the correctness of the judement which, in the exercise of an undoubted right you have, in such general terms, pronounced upon particular points in the policy of the late and present administrations, you cannot expect me to concur. My opinions on these points were distinctly announced to the American people before my election, and I have seen no reason to change them. But however much I may differ with you and those whom you represent, on the causes, of the existing evil, you may be assured of the warm interest I shall ever feel, in whatever concerns the mercantile community, of my deep sympathy with those who are now suffering from the pressure of the times, and of my readiness to adopt any measures for their relief, consistent of my convictions of duty.

The propriety of giving to the Collectors of the Customs instructions of the character desired, necessarily involves inquiries into the extent of the power of the Executive over the subject, the present condition of the treasury, and its probable receipts and expenditures, for the remainder of the year.—These examinations have been directed, and are in progress, and the result will be communicated by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Collector at New York, who will be instructed to give it publicity. A few days will be required to arrive at a safe conclusion upon some parts of the investigation, but there shall be no unnecessary delay.

The other subjects to which you have called my attention, are, first, an immediate repeal of the order requiring specie in payment, on sales of public lands, issued by my predecessor, for the purpose of enforcing a strict execution of the act of Congress, which forbids the allowance of credit on such sales; and, secondly, an extra session of Congress. I have not been able to satisfy myself that any such order existing circumstances, to interfere with the order referred to.

You must be aware of the obstacles to an immediate convocation of Congress, arising from the imperfect state of the representation in one branch of that body. Several of the States have not yet, chosen their Representatives, and are not to do so for some months to come. Independent of that consideration, I do not see at present, sufficient reasons to justify me in requiring an earlier meeting than that appointed by the constitution.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
M. VAN BUREN.

Where is the Specie?—The annexed paragraph is from the St. Louis Bulletin of April 22—"The people of the west, it seems to be expected, will stand almost any thing. We have now been for some months paying our portion of the public revenue, derivable from the sale of lands in gold and silver. It costs the poor farmer from five to twenty five per cent, to procure it. It is taken to the deposite banks, sealed, and shortly afterward shipped to Cincinnati and the seaboard—just as $100,000 was sent away at the beginning of this week. It does not return, nor can it, as things now are, be expected to return. Specie is, at this moment, scarcer than it has been for the last fifteen years, notwithstanding there have been such heavy importations of it from abroad. On the other hand, the people of the Atlantic states pay to government the paper of all the banks which are in good standing in the neighborhood. Specie is not exclusively required. They have not to pay a heavy premium, such as is paid by us, for gold and silver. They invariably pay in bank notes. Such is the difference between the people of the West and the North—the one portion is ground to the dust, to obtain specie for the land office; the other is petted, and every thing having a resemblance to bank is paid to the revenue officers."

There is probably a far less amount of specie at the west, either in the banks, or in circulation, than many people imagine. And what they have is of little use to the people, and of none to the country.—The kegs belonging to the government, are rolled about from place to place—*circulating*, to be sure—but not as it was designed to circulate. Every dollar that has been issued into the country, contrary to the regular course of trade, has already cost the country five, and will cost twenty-five, before "the experiment has worked its perfect work." But where is the specie? We know very well, under the agrarian cry of the dear friends of the people, public and private "credit" has "paralized," and the boasted gold instead of being allowed to circulate has been hoarded in small sums, all over the country. It is in the tills of chests in Dutchess and Ulster counties—tied up in stocking feet on Long Island and in New Jersey. As an illustration of this position, we were informed the other day by a broker in Wall street, that he had within the last few weeks, picked up in small sums, gold to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for people in the country, who wanted it expressly to lay aside for safety. Now, all this specie, thus hoarded for any substantial good it does, might as well be tied up in the bottom of Jacob's well.—*N. Y. Com.*

Bennett, of the New York Herald, says—"The present evils which affect the country are the joint production of all parties and all creeds. They have been produced by overbanking, overtrading, overspending, overliving, overcoaching, overdriving, overreaching, overbacking, overborrowing, overeating, overdrinking, overpraying, oversinning, overthinking, overplaying, overriding, overtipping, overbaiting, and overacting of every kind and description, except *overphoughing*, which alone is the foundation of society and the corner stone of civilization."

PUBLIC MEETING.

At a very large meeting of the citizens of the City and County of Philadelphia, held at the Exchange, last evening, BENJAMIN W. RICHARDS, Esq. was called to the Chair, and GERARD RALSTON, Esq. appointed Secretary.

On motion, a Committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, whereupon the committee retired and subsequently reported the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, this meeting has been apprised that most of the state banks of our sister cities of New York and Baltimore, have refused to redeem their paper in gold and silver, and whereas, we have also been apprised that arrangements are now making to drain the specie from the vaults of our banks, with a view to foreign exportation, thereby depriving them of the means of redeeming their domestic obligations to our own citizens; and whereas every consideration of prudence and policy, every consideration of self-defence demands that this calamitous result should be averted. Therefore Resolved—

That this meeting recommend to the different Banking Institutions of the City and County of Philadelphia, if they deem the measure indispensably necessary, to suspend specie payment at present, and until such prudent and precautionary measures be adopted, as a calm consideration of the existing crisis requires.

Resolved, That this meeting recommend to the several Banking Institutions of our City and County, mutual forbearance to and confidence in each other. That they receive the notes of each in payment of the liabilities due to them; and in every way endeavour to give confidence and assurance to our fellow-citizens of the safety and solvency of our Banking Institutions.

These resolutions having been read, were by acclamation unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

DECISION OF THE PHILADELPHIA BANKS.

At a meeting of the Officers and Directors of the several Banks of the City and County of Philadelphia, held at the Exchange on Wednesday evening, May 10, 1837,

THOMAS SPARKS, Esq. was called to the chair, and Jacob Forth was appointed Secretary.

The proceedings of the meeting of the Merchants and Citizens, held at the Exchange, in relation to the suspension of Specie payments having been presented and read, a Committee of one Officer from each Bank was appointed to prepare a preamble and resolutions, who retired, and in a few minutes afterwards reported the following, which was adopted:

Whereas, under the peculiar circumstances in which this community finds itself placed by the suspension of specie payments by our sister city of New York, and, whereas, in the existing state of the balance between the cities, which would cause a certain abstraction of the chief part of our specie basis, much of which could never be reclaimed, and whereas, the measure has cannot expect to be concurred in, by large meetings of citizens, to the proceedings of which publicity will be given in the morning—therefore,

Resolved, That this meeting recommend a temporary suspension of specie payments as a measure of safety and prudence, and will be less disastrous to the community and institutions of this city and county than a vain attempt to continue its payment in the present state of things.

Resolved, That in the meantime the notes of all the Banks will be received at the different Banks as usual, in payment of debts and in deposit.

On motion Resolved, That the proceedings be published and signed.

Suspension of Specie payments in Baltimore.

We are indebted to a highly respectable house in this city, for the following extract of a letter from Baltimore. It will be seen that it was written late on Tuesday night, and contains important intelligence, namely, a recommendation from the Board of Trade in that City, that *all the Baltimore Banks immediately suspend the payment of specie on all notes except those under Dollars.* The Banks were to meet early yesterday morning to decide upon their course, and we doubt not but their decision will be in conformity to the recommendation of the Board.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER DATED

Baltimore, May 9, 1837.

"The Board of Trade met this evening at 7 o'clock, and after deliberating for two hours in private session, resolved to a very large and respectable meeting of the merchants now in the Rotunda of the exchange, the result of their deliberation. The purport of their deliberations was, to recommend that the whole of the banks in this city shall immediately suspend the payment of specie for all notes except those under Ten Dollars, which on being read to the meeting was unanimously concurred in. The Boards of the different banks will be called together to-morrow morning to receive the report of the Board of Trade, and will then decide upon what course they will pursue. The suspension is recommended to continue in force for three months."

THE NEW YORK BANKS.

At a meeting last evening of all the banks in this city, except three, it was

Resolved, That under existing circumstances, it is expedient and necessary to suspend payments in specie.

In the mean time, the notes of all the banks will be received at the different banks, as usual, in payment of debts, and in deposite—and, as the indebtedness of the community to the banks exceeds three times the amount of their liabilities to the public, it is hoped and expected that the notes of the different banks will meet current, as usual, and that the state of the times will soon be such as to render the resumption of specie payments practicable.

New York, May 10, 1837.

Seizure of his Britannic Majesty's Sloop Levere.—The Levere, a ten gun brig, commanded by Captain Bonsquet, being in the Martinique channel in the early part of December last, heard that a large slaver had just arrived on the coast, and on the 26th of that month descended into the gulf of Leogane in a small boat. The slaver refusing to hold communication with the brig an action commenced. So desperate was the resistance the slaver made, that the Levere hauled off twice to repair damages, and had twenty-three killed and wounded, and five or six wounded, among which was her master, succeeded in taking possession of her.

The exact loss of the slaver, which mounted twenty-seven guns, and carried 70 or 80 men, was not ascertained, but must have been considerable. A large quantity of dollars intended for a purchase of slaves, was found, and removed to the Levere, which proceeded to a Portuguese settlement near Mozambique.

The governor of this place demanded that the slaver should be given up, which being refused by Captain Bonsquet, a large battery, under which the Levere lay, suddenly opened upon her and obliged her to haul down her colours.—Immediate possession was taken by the Portuguese, of the Levere and slaver, and the prize dollars removed to the fort. After holding possession of the Levere eight days, she was delivered up, and Captain Bonsquet immediately returned to Simon's Bay. The moment the Thalia arrived (and she was daily expected) Admiral Campbell intended to proceed to the Mozambique with all the squadron he could muster, for a little doubt is entertained, by those who know the decided character of the admiral, that ample reprisals will be made for this unprecedented insult on the English flag.—*Madras Herald, Dec. 23.*

Wisdom's Business.—The New York Mercantile has the following under its head of marriages:

MARRIED.

In the ship Gladiator, from London, T. Stephenson, L. Barnebone, A. Brown, A. Brown, W. Johnson, and 1 for the steerage.

The Jim Crow Club dined together on Tuesday, when the Club was presented with a picture designed by Mr. Rice, consisting of various portraits of the members of the Club, all representing crows, Jim Crow being in the centre. The likenesses are extremely good, and the whole use a ludicrous effect.—*Mercury, March 13.*

Long Post.
SENT.
Whole No. 823.

PRICES OF

This week at the Stock and Exc

719	shares	United States Bank,	
2	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	
283	do.	Girard Bank,	
26	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	
6	do.	Mechanic's Bank,	
121	do.	Kentucky Bank,	63
200	do.	Vicksburg Bank Miss.	35
1931	do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,	7½
1000	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal Co.	47½
133	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	12½
30	do.	New Castle & Frenchtown,	28½
12	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	14½
100	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	61
5	do.	Philadelphia Gas Socie.	9½
20	do.	Wilmington & Susqu. R. R.	20

COMMUNICATION.

STAMMERING.

Mr. Editor.—For the sake of duty to my fellow creatures, I would request the insertion in the pages of your paper, the following extract of a letter received by me, the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, now in operation by Dr. Fine, No 11 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

For many years I have been a most miserable Stammerer. From the great benefit I have received from Mr. F. I believe there never has been any system of the kind so efficacious, and so well calculated to remove the most difficult cases. I surpass many of the exercises in this institution, I believe are entirely original. Every one who will adhere strictly to this system, I believe may be perfectly cured. No special any compensation for letters, or cards.

WM. CLARK, Jr.
122 South Front street.

ALMANAC.

1837.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON RISES	MOON'S AGE
12 Saturday,	4 54	7 0	9 47	27
13 Sunday,	4 54	7 0	10 9	28
14 Monday,	4 53	7 1	10 31	29
15 Tuesday,	4 52	7 2	11 0	New 1 d
16 Wednesday,	4 51	7 3	11 32	2
17 Thursday,	4 50	7 4	12 10 m	3
18 Friday,	4 49	7 5	1 0	4
19 Saturday,	4 48	7 6	1 59	5

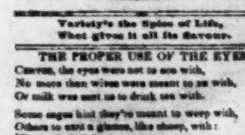
Philadelphia Post Office.

Journals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern departure 7 30 A M | Eastern closes at 4 P M
Southern, 3 00 P M | Southern closes at 4 P M
Western, 2 00 P M | Western at 2 P M

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday evening, 10th inst. by George Duffield, Esq. Mr. WM. MYC



Variety's the Spice of Life,
Which gives it all its Savour.

THE PROPER USE OF THE EYE.

Cupid, the eyes were not to see with,
No more than wives were meant to ape with,
Or milk was sent us to drink one with.

Some argue that they're meant to weep with,
Others to cast a glance, like sheep, with:
'Tis my belief they're meant to SLEEP WITH.

THE RAINY DAY.

"It rains! What lady loves a rainy day?
Who loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth
And thrusts the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or shred-have shown,
Who blessed God that she has friends and home;
Who in the pelting of the storm will think
Of some poor neighbor that she can befriend;
Who trims the lamp at night and rends aloud
To a young brother, thus he loves to hear;
Such are not and even on a rainy day."

IMPORTANCE OF THE REAR RANK.

COWPER.

Says a man in the front, to a man in the rear,
"Hold your piece with your comfort that,
You cowardly dog what's the use of you here,
They might as well give a gun to a rat."

ANSWER.

"You pretend not to know what's the use of us here
They know it who give us our pay,
Such heroes as us are kept in the rear,
To prevent you from running away."

A LAUGHOMETER.

Income			
$10,000 a year	A most capital joke.	A very good laugh.	Convulsive laughter.
5,000 "	A very excellent joke.	A good shaking laugh.	A good laugh.
2,000 "	A very good joke.	A good hearty laugh.	A hearty laugh.
1,000 "	A pretty fair joke.	A tolerable laugh.	A laugh.
500 "	A reasonable joke.	A quiet laugh.	A smile.
1,000 "	A middling joke.	A half laugh.	A half smile.
1,500 "	A miserable joke.	A smile.	A sigh.
500 "	A wretched joke.	A sigh.	A groan.
All under.	Pooh!	Pooh!	Quiet as an oyster!

It is proposed that this table should be engraved and published on a neat little card, that can be conveniently carried in the waistcoat pocket, for use on occasion may require, until the pupil has become thoroughly acquainted with the standard. A larger card might also be printed for counting-rooms and offices, (and even for drawing-rooms, if neatly framed,) after the manner of genealogical trees and counting-house almanacs.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

THE BARBER.—Charles Lamb, in his Essays of Elia, says of the barber, 'I hope no trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social grace, which polishes life, I esteem no profession comparable to him.'

"I regard you no better than a rogue," said Teymham to Lepite Stretch, as they rose from a card table, at which his lordship had been a considerable loser.

"I would," replied the Greek, "be exceedingly rude in me to contradict your lordship, and therefore I candidly own (looking earnestly at the lord) that I am not *far* from a rogue."

The poor hit his lips and walked off.

A man in Ohio well mounted, arguing forward a drove of fat hogs towards Detroit, met a charming lot of little girls, as they were returning from school, when one of them, as they passed the "swinish multitude," made a very pretty courtesy. "What my little gal," said the man, "do you curtsey to a mere drove of hogs" "No sir," said she, with a most provoking smile, "*only the one on horseback.*"

ROYAL VARIETY IN DRESS.—Queen Elizabeth appeared almost daily in different habits, and tried every mode of varying their favor. Nor should she ever part with her clothes. At her death, *three thousand different dresses* were found in her wardrobe.

When Cæsar happened to see some strangers at Rome carrying young dogs and monkeys in their arms, and fondly caressing them, he asked "whether the women of their country never bore any children," thus reproving with proper severity those who lavish on brutes the natural tenderness which is due only to mankind.

At Bristol an old lady fell asleep during divine service, and her Bible fell (which had large massive clasps, the noise awakened her, the congregation were much surprised by hearing her exclaim in a high key—" What, Jane! you've broke another jug, have you."

CLASSIFICATION OF DRINKS.—One of the "Ring-tailed Roarers" of the Mississippi, at New Orleans, has furnished the editor of the little Picayune paper with the following scientific table of American drinks:

A market drink is—the *pig and whistle.*
A vegetable drink is—Mint julep.
A poultry drink is—Egg Nog.
A carrier's drink is—A *Porter-ee.*
A summer drink is—A cool storm.
A funny drink is—Rum punch.
A parting drink is—"Absent, with any set."
(Meant for "Absentee with Assumpsit.")
A sailor's drink is—Port.
A soldier's drink is—Gunpowder Tea.
A friendly drink is—Cordial.
A gamer's drink is—Ginger pop.
A roguish drink is—hot Tom and Jerry.
A beauty's drink is—*Parfait Amour!*
And a matrimonial drink is—"chamber-ruw."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COURT.

Johnson vs. Kalsings, the Brentford Dandy.—The plaintiff was the keeper of a coffee house, a poor lone widow woman, and the defendant was an Irish adventurer, who had contrived to get into her debt some 3L. odd shillings; it was, however, reduced to 1L. 19s. 11d. The defendant presented a most remarkable appearance, particularly about the head. He had something of the iron grey visage, while the abundance of dark hair, half mutted and half curled, or drawn backwards, called to mind the forlorn looking Pageotis. The mouth was, however, the principal feature, and appeared to be cut so as to try conclusions with any pedlar between Cape Clear and the Hill of Howth, whether round or ladies.

Impudent was and disloyard knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a long nose, and a long knave, which gave
A sound and sharper looking ass in place.
To a man who is acquainted with the grave,
Was by no means so high as he case.

Commissioner—Pray, madam, what is the debt owing for?

Plaintiff—For more, sir, than I can tell you. That man's appetite, sir, is enough to break any body's heart; *ful.* would not pay me for what he has devoured at my cost. Shall I tell your lordship what he'd eat in a week?—(laughter.)

Commissioner—Oh no, we shall form some idea from one day's supply.

Plaintiff—Well, then, I'd tell you for one day. He came down about half-past five in the morning for his lunch before breakfast. On this occasion he usually ate about fire or seven muffins, and, as he said, to prevent them rising, he'd drink a pint of hot tea to every one of them—(roars of laughter). About eight o'clock, he'd be looking for his breakfast, a couple rashers of bacon or bacon, eggs, water cresses, and two hot rolls, as regular, my lord, as possible—(laughter.)

Defendant (hastily)—I beg your pardon to that same; you're not spaken the *broad trute* for its more the times after that meself had had patay *lecast* and not more.

Plaintiff—I beg you'll not interrupt me, sir. It was eleven o'clock of the same day you had the penny loaves and poached eggs for a lunch; and then, at one, or half-past, you looked for your dinner. At three o'clock you'd fancy coffee and toast. At five you took tea, with—God knows how many—buttered crumpets. At eight o'clock you'd begin to complain again, and eat about a dozen kidney potatoes of two to the pound; and, then, at half-past ten, did'nt you always take a hot supper of some four or five pork chops?—(the court was here convulsed with laughter—and then the bottle of hot water that you took to bed with you, wasn't it nothing but hot whiskey punch to drink in the night, and all at my expense!

Commissioner—What do you say to all this, Mr. Kalsings?

Defendant—Mighty fine, mighty fine indeed; and as a gentleman is not to have his *nuff* (enough) of anything but he'll be bothered in the same manner? Now, ma lord, I cottled, I don't owe one brass farden. When I first came to Brentford, I didn't know how long I'd stop, and so I lashed me out a cheap coffee-house, and I sad, says I, barrin what I'll eat, what'll myself pay to me lodgen. She tould me, and then says I, barrin the lodgen, what'll I pay a day for me nuff to eat? and its a mighty little hater that I am—(laughter). She said, me lord, she'd do both things for two shillin a day; and so, as it was all a contract, I'd nathen to do but take me fill in her house, and leave me 'nuf.

The above was delivered with considerable solemnity.

The jury, however, appeared to think that the contract was not binding, and the Brentford Dandy, was ordered to pay the full amount claimed. It was understood that the plaintiff, in this instance, was not the first whom the great gormandizer had victimized.

BEAUTIES OF GOING TO LAW.—It is asserted that the inhabitants of Innisboe are very prone to litigation, and a curious legend of a law suit is told, which is upon the main, a good illustration of their quarrelsome disposition.

"A century ago, two persons were remarkable here for their superior opulence, and had become the wonder and envy of their poorer neighbours. Their wealth consisted of a flock of sheep. Unfortunately, on some trifling dispute occurring betwixt them, a dissolution of partnership was resolved on. To divide the flock one would suppose was not difficult, and they proceeded to partition the property accordingly. They possessed one hundred and one sheep, and fifty fell to the lot of each proprietor; but there was left an odd one, and the question was how was that to be disposed of? Neither would part with his moiety to the other, and after a long and angry negociation, the sheep was left in common property between them. Although the season had not come round when sheep are usually shorn, one of the proprietors soon discovered that he wanted wool for a pair of stockings. He therefore proposed that the fleece should be taken off. This was resisted by his co-partner, and the point was finally settled by shearing one side of the animal. Only a few days after, the sheep was found dead in a ditch: one party ascribed the accident to the cold feelings of the animal having urged him to seek shelter in the fatal trench, while the other contended that the wool remaining upon one side, had caused the sheep to lose its equilibrium, and that thus the catastrophe was occasioned. The parties went to law, and the expenses of the suit actually devoured their entire stock, and reduced them to beggary. Their descendants are pointed out to this day, as being the poorest of the community, and litigants are often warned to avoid the fate of Malley and Malone."

A WARNING TO PARENTS AND GRAND PARENTS.—We find in the police reports of the Baltimore Transcript, the following incident: A poor drunkard was brought before the police magistrate, charged with intoxication, and on being asked why he was drunk, made the following reply:

"Oh sir, many's the time that I've been drunk afore I was bigger 'an a child mech; my old pap used to give me the leavings of his horn, and I'd swig at it as if it was the last dose of a doctor; kill or cure, and then the old man used to say, "Charley, my boy, you'll love the cretur, better than you will me, it can't be help'd though."

Ludicrous as may seem this answer of the poor victim of a brutal vice, it is a true history of many confirmed drunkards. The parent's "horn" is the polluted fountain at which children often imbibe a taste for alcohol, and its "leavings" have overwhelmed with ruin more than one child of misfortune.

AN EASTERN VAPOR BATH.—The first time I entered one, I felt an uncomfortable presentiment that I was about to witness some mysterious rites in the very temple of Luxury herself. The initiation of the outer chamber is sufficiently awful—half naked figures clattering on wooden shoes across the marble floor, or exhausted forms, covered with sheets, lying in a state of stupor on the carpets within the recesses that serve for dressing. When I had thrown off my clothes, and twisted a turban round my head and a sheet about my waist, I followed my guide through a dark passage, which grew warmer and warmer at every step, the atmosphere becoming so thick as to threaten suffocation. Beyond this is a chamber with raised seats about it on which people lay extended like corpses, men rubbing them with camel's hair gloves, putting them with their hands, or patting their joints, as if they horned to dislocate them. When I passed through this silent scene, for there was no sound but the occasional slap that announced to the subject under discipline that he might change his position, I entered the very centre of all, like a vapor. Here some lay stretched on the floor in the most complete state of exhaustion, while others sat with their backs to the wall, awaiting their happy moment of oblivion; I took my seat among them, in the hope whether or to fly at once from the caldron. In a very short time, however, I was spell-bound, and had great difficulty to struggle to the outer room, where I lay for some time too languid to dress. The effect of this apparently weakening ceremony is delightful indeed. One of its most pleasing sensations is the marblelike smoothness of the skin; there is the consciousness, too, that among the many impurities of an Eastern city you can bid defiance to them all.—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East.*

VERNET, THE PAINTER.—Vernet relates that somebody had once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the entrance, when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the Saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the Saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure and gave it to the gentleman, who he seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we do not see the Saint," replied the visitors.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and I am therefore quite sure he is in it."

A Merry Place.—Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."

"And why so?"

"Because I am told that there, all bodies lose their gravity."

He who shows to another the error of his ways is as a light shining in the darkness; for it loses none of its own brightness, while at the same time it dispels the surrounding obscurity.

A CENTURY AGO.—The following (from Lady MONTAGUE'S lately published Letters) is her account of a scene which we will venture to assert, is without a parallel in any age or nation. —*Nat. Gaz.*

"LONDON, MAY, 1738.—Here is no news to be sent you from this place, which has been for this fortnight and still continues overwhelmed with politics, and which are of so mysterious a nature one ought to have some of the gifts of Lilly or Partridge to be able to write about them; and I leave all those dissertations to those distinguished mortals who are endowed with the talent of divination. Though I am at present the only one of my sex who seems to be of that opinion, the ladies having shown their zeal and appetite for knowledge in a most glorious manner. At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved that there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of ladies contrived to raise on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon,* the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon these to be the boldest asserters and most resigned sufferers for liberty I have read of. They presented themselves at the door at 9 o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, at the head of the squadron, insisted, the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G—he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth answered, by G—they would come in, in spite of the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volies of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprized of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, (the Commons also being very impatient to enter,) gave orders for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the first rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks, (which have always been allowed in these cases,) but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but, 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be parallelled in any history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes, (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table,) I hardly dare subscribe myself even, Yours."

* *Lady Huntingdon*, the same who afterwards became the head, the Countess Matilda, of the Whitfield-ian Methodists.

A SHUTTER.—A mother was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them, like a silver veil lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthy breathings, and that smile, which beams from the depths of the fresh glad spirit yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with momentary pride—and then as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers her dark eye deepened with intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those beds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back to their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer, solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents fell on the still air, a despoiled thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a stronger horror chilled her frame as she beheld midew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and noble hearts scorched with desolating and guilty passions. And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that he who was the foundation of all purity, would preserve those whom he had given her to their pristine innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from his hand as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadow form stood beside the infant sleepers, 'I am Death,' said the spectre, 'and I come for thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow, can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you preserve them forever from contamination and decay.' A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul starting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passions, triumphed and she yielded up her babes to the spectre.

'Behold!' said death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to a holier and yet deeper loveliness, 'behold, the smile of innocence is now forever sealed. They will waken where there is neither blight nor tempest.' And the benign power, whom we call the Spoiler, bore away the now perfect blossom of immortality to the far off sky.

PROGNOSTICS.—When there has been no storm before or after the vernal equinox, the ensuing summer is generally *dry*, at least five times in six.

When a storm happens from any easterly point, either on the 12th, 20th or 21st of March, the succeeding summer is generally *dry*, four times in five.

When a storm arises on the 25th, 26th or 27th of March, and not before, in any point, the succeeding summer is generally *dry*, four times in five.

If there be a storm at S. W. or W. S. W. on the 19th, 20th, 21st, or 22nd of March, the succeeding Summer is generally wet, four times in five.

A moist autumn, with a mild winter, is generally followed by a cold and dry spring.

If the summer be remarkably rainy, it is probable that the ensuing winter will be severe.

When it rains plentifully in May, it will rain but little in September, and vice versa.

A rainy winter predicts a sterile year.

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

SEVEN REASONS,

Why Agriculture should receive the patronage of Government.

1. *Agriculture feeds all.*—Were agriculture to be neglected, population would diminish, because the necessaries of life would be wanting. Did it not supply more than is necessary for its own wants, every other art would not only be at a stand, but every science, and every kind of mental improvement, would be neglected. Manufactures and commerce originally owed their existence to agriculture. Agriculture furnishes a great part of the food, raw materials and subsistence for the one, and commodities for the barter and exchange for the other. In proportion as those raw materials and commodities are multiplied, by the intelligence and industry of the farmer, and the consequent improvement of the soil, in the same proportion are manufactures and commerce benefitted—not only in being furnished with more abundant supply, but in the increased demand for their fabrics and merchandise. The more agriculture produces, the more she buys: and the business and comfort of society are mainly influenced and controlled by the result of her labors.

2. *Agriculture, directly or indirectly, pays the burthens of our taxes and our tolls,*—which support the government, and sustain our internal improvements; and the more abundant her means, the greater will be her contributions. The farmer who manages his business ignorantly and slothfully, and who produces from it only just enough for the subsistence of his family, pays no tolls on the transit of his produce, and but a small tax upon the annual value of his lands.—Instruct his mind, and awaken in him industry, by the hope of distinction and reward, so that he triples the products of his labour, the value of his lands are increased in a corresponding ratio, his comforts are multiplied, his mind disenthralled, and two-thirds of his produce go to augment the business and tolls of our canals and roads. If such a change in the situation of one farm, would add one hundred dollars to the wealth, and one dollar to the tolls of the state, what an astonishing aggregate would be produced, both in capital and in revenue, by a similar improvement upon 250,000 farms, the assumed number in the state. The capital would be augmented two millions, and the revenue two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum.

3. *Agriculture is the principle source of our wealth,*—It furnishes more productive labor, the legitimate source of wealth, than all the other employments in society combined. The more it is enlightened by science, the more abundant will be its products; the more elevated its character, the stronger the incitements to pursue it. Whatever, therefore, tends to enlighten and increase its labors, must proportionally increase the wealth of the state, and the means for the successful prosecution of the other arts, and the sciences, now indispensable to their profitable management.

4. *Agriculturists are the guardians of our freedom.*—They are the fountains of political power. If the fountain be one impure, the stream will be polluted. If the agriculturist be debased, ignorant, and poor, he will be spiritless, dependent and servile. If he is enlightened, industrious and in prosperous circumstances, he will be independent in mind, jealous of his rights, and is willing to die for the public good. He is identified with the welfare of the state.—He is virtually fixed to the soil, and has, therefore, a paramount interest, as well as a giant power, to defend it from the encroachments of foreign or domestic foes. If his country suffers he must suffer; if she prospers, he too may expect to prosper. Hence whatever tends to improve the intellectual condition of the farmer, and to elevate him above venal temptation, essentially contributes to the good order of society, to large and to the perpetuity of our country's freedom.

5. *Agriculture is the parent of physical and moral health to the state,*—it is the salt which preserves us from moral corruption. Not only, while her sedentary sons are administering to the wants, and in dispensing the blessings of abundance to others, but she is constantly exercising a salutary influence upon the moral and physical health of the state, and in perpetuating the republican habits and good order of society. While rural labor is the great source of physical health and constitutional vigor to our population, it interposes the most formidable barrier to the demoralizing influence of luxury and vice. It is seldom hear of civil commotions, of crime, or of hereditary disease, among those who are steadily engaged in the labors of agriculture. Men who are satisfied with the certain and abundant resources of their own labor and their own farms, are not willing to popoil the enjoyments, by promoting popular tumult, or tolerating crime. The more we promote the influence of the agriculturist, by developing the powers of his mind, and elevating his moral views, the more we shall promote the virtue and happiness of society.

6. *Legislative patronage will increase the products of agriculture,* and consequently advance the prosperity, promote the moral improvement, and elevate the character of the state. Look at the disparity, in the products and profits of labor, on the well managed and ill-managed farm—or in the well cultivated and uncultivated district. The one, we say, nets a profit of twelve or fourteen per cent per annum, the other scarcely one, or even nothing, and with two or three per cent—and abundant examples may be furnished of both extremes. The rural improvement of a country indicates, pretty correctly, besides, the intellectual and moral condition of its population. Now if by raising the standard of public instruction, by holding out our rewards to successful competitors in improvement, and by establishing schools of practical and scientific agriculture, all of which come within the purview of legislative duties, we could render all our improved lands as productive as those of a like quality, which are well managed, our agricultural products would be quintupled. This we do not expect; but after making due allowance for all drawbacks, it must be apparent to every reflecting mind, that the advantages of the state, from a judicious application of a portion of public money to promote agricultural improvement, would be manifestly great. We have seen, from a combination of local causes, and in a short period, the agriculture of old settled counties, doubled and trebled. General causes, operating upon the whole state, cannot fail of producing results alike favorable.

7. *Agriculture is entitled to especial patronage, as a matter of* EQUAL JUSTICE, *as well as from considerations of sound policy*—because she has had nothing special, while other classes have had much. She shares, in common with all in the advantages of common schools, and public improvements, and she did receive, in 1817, a pittance, a *special* pittance, which she has refunded to the treasury, in the form of revenue, with compound interest. The state may be likened to a large family of boys. Five-sixths of them have charge of the farm; others are taught trades and handicrafts; and to those two classes is confided the task of providing for the wants of the family. But, as a necessary appendage to a large family, one son is set apart as a doctor, another as a minister, and a third as a lawyer; and to qualify these the better for their respective duties, it is agreed that a portion of the family funds shall be applied to the establishment and maintenance of a school, for their exclusive benefit. While other farmers and mechanics are getting their trades, by labor, in the fields and in the shop, the doctor, the parson and the lawyer are getting their professions in the public school. By and by the working boys discover, that, owing to the rapid improvements of the age, school knowledge is as advantageous to the trades as it is to the professions; that there have been great improvements made abroad in their several arts of industry, and that they are in danger of being outstripped by their more instructed neighbors. Feeling themselves entitled to the same favor that has been shown to the doctor, the parson and the lawyer,—desirous of acquiring this useful knowledge in their business so necessary to the common interest of the family, and influenced by laudable pride to become in fact, what they are in theory, on a footing of equality with their already learned brethren,—the working boys now ask the family, to establish for them a school, adopted for their establishment, now that the affairs of the family are prosperous. We cannot, say they, acquire the desired knowledge in the doctor's school, because it is not taught there; and because, were it taught, we cannot be spared from the farm and shop to go after it. We want a school, in which we can practice our hands to useful labor, gain instruction in the principles of our business, and at the same time qualify ourselves for the higher duties of social and public life. Is there anything unreasonable in the request? Or is there ought in it, which a wise and prudent family would not grant willingly?

The state has expended about three millions of dollars towards qualifying the doctor, the divine, the lawyer, and the gentleman, to discharge their several duties in society, from which the farmer and mechanic can derive but partial, if any, direct advantage. The plainest principles of justice, which accede to all classes an equal participation in the favors of a free government, as well as provident foresight, require a like generous provision for those who live by the sweat of the brow.

We affect to be above the people of the old continent in all our social and political privileges. To sustain this superiority, we should be above them, too, in our intellectual and moral improvements. But we are not. We are superficial in too many things. We mistake the name, too often, for the substance. We are satisfied with sowing a few seeds at random, upon superficial tillage, leaving the harvest to chance; and the consequence is, weeds springing up with luxuriance, and often smother and destroy the plants of usefulness. We have but begun in cultivating the mind, the great lever of the arts, and the source of all human improvements. We do not go far enough to ensure the harvest. In many portions of Europe, the mind is brought into early discipline, carefully prepared, and sown with those seeds which promise the best return to the individual and to the community. Like Prussia from which illustration of this remark. There the government provides seven years instruction for every child in the kingdom, at the public charge when the parent is unable to defray it. And what branches of instruction are taught? Not merely those elementary studies, as reading, writing and the preliminary rules of arithmetic, which constitute the main studies in our common schools—but the sciences which instruct and dignify the useful arts—chemistry, geology, botany, &c.—geography, history, drawing and music; the mechanic arts and agriculture. Nor does the Prussian government stop here. It provides the schools with the means of teaching this knowledge efficiently. Each principal school is provided with a farm, in additional office at 43 Chestnut st. devoted exclusively to the sale of her extraordinary Medicine.

These Pills have now attained an unprecedented popularity, to great indeed that a number of Druggists are constantly engaged in imitating them. The circumstance should induce every one who recommended their trial to use the Brandreth Pills, at the same time to caution them to improve upon their to side the necessity of avoiding nuggets, as it is in their power the counterfeits at usually found.

I recall another fact in mind, that the human frame, subject to only one disease, an immunity of the blood which by imposing an circulation brings down a sentence of death upon the offender. Dr. Brandreth's Pills cities upon some particular part of the body, inflammation swellings, vacuations &c. &c.; and that this impurities can be effectually removed from the body by evidentally purging it with the Brandreth Pills, is fully proved by the cures they have effected.

Fever and ague, dropsy, inflammation, dyspepsia, fever and fever, colic and all the ills of the liver gout, rheumatism, lumbago, epilepsy, apoplexy, palsy, fits, paralysis, hooping cough, scrofula, king's evil, and all cutaneous diseases, the mental derangement, or in short every disease incident to the human frame, as there never has yet been an instance of these Pills not giving relief except where nature has been actually exhausted. Prudent this is not the system to be followed, it requires only be, perseverance and a strict adherence to the directions, will be certain to ensure a cure. The increasing sale in all parts of the United States, fully demonstrate the virtue and efficacy of the Brandreth Pills.

No danger can possibly arise from the use of them. The testimony of thousands of persons who have benefitted with the medicine satisfactorily proves this.

Remember, no drug store has the genuine Brandreth for sale.

Sept 9—tf

To the Afflicted,

Particularly those afflicted with a secret disease of a peculiar character.

DOCTOR HUFF, known throughout the world, is the remarkable cures he has performed, now gives to consulta some privately at his residence, No 56 Sassafras street, where he will be found daily, and his experience is offered for the purpose, and persons are cured in a few days, and many certificates can be shown of the most astonishing cures, performed at home. His wife will attend on the ladies. oct 12—tf

JEWELLERY.

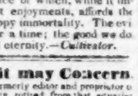
Baker & Shriver,

Wholesale Manufacturers of Jewellery suitable for the Trade

NO. 118 CHESNUT STREET.

nov 28—4m*

India Rubber Boots, Shoes, &c. &c.



GENTLEMEN'S India Rubber Boots, do extra long do ladies wm. Shoes, Ladies' and misses' do, Gentlemen's Shoes—ladies' gaiters and clocks, Gum Shoes of superior quality. Also a good assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's Boots and Shoes.

Also, 400 sheets of this India Rubber cloth, one sheet is very light and pliable, and are highly recommended as a cover for Trunks, Carpets, Mattrasses, Sofas, Chairs, &c. Also, a few pieces of India Rubber Cloth—it is Rubber Sheet for Indian shawls.

SAMUEL D. BREED,
No 17 north Second street.

jan 14—3

For Ague and Epileptic Fits.

FIT pills for these Fits in the public, the proprietor feels confident in recommending this valuable medicine. Wherever they are perfectly tried they are perfectly cured. Cure for the Fits, paroxysm of the ague. His success in curing these fits, indicates him to recommend them for epileptic fits.

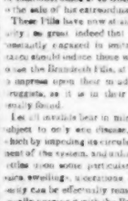
Anti-Bilious Pills.

The subscriber also offers to the public his anti bilious Pills which have for some years been proved of superior efficacy and have never been surpassed by any other of superior quality. As the subscriber is about leaving the Delaware, this is the last opportunity of obtaining these pills. The price by wholesale will be reduced.

MAHLON ATKINSON.

Philadelphia SUSPENDER & STOCK MANUFACTORY,

No. 20 South Fourth street below Market St.



A CONSTANT supply of the above articles, constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices, viz: SUSPENDERS—Manufacturers, Gum Elastic, of various widths, STOCKS—Gum Elastic of various widths, EPOCHS—Made to the most fashionable shape, Stock Buckles, Stock Pins, Bosom Studs, Bosom Pins, Gum Belts, &c. and warranted to meet of workmanship, and the lowest prices. Also, a large assortment of Gum Elastic Suspenders, Stocks, Epochs, &c. &c. and that this manufactory is the only one in the United States, where they are manufactured.

ALSO, SILK & BRISTLE STOCKS—A full and handsome assortment, suitable for the season, constantly on hand, a large assortment of Gum Elastic Suspenders, Stocks, Epochs, &c. &c. and warranted to meet of workmanship, and the lowest prices. Also, a large assortment of Gum Elastic Suspenders, Stocks, Epochs, &c. &c. and that this manufactory is the only one in the United States, where they are manufactured.

NEW ROOMS & COLLARS and ready made LINEN BOSOMS.

POCKET BOOKS, LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S DOCKETS & INDIA RUBBER GOODS, constantly on hand.

Also, a few pieces of Gum Elastic Cloth, of the most fashionable pattern, and warranted to meet of the most fashionable pattern, and warranted to meet of the most fashionable pattern, and warranted to meet